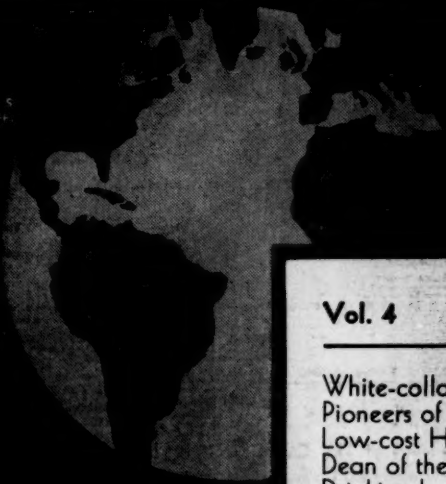


Catholic Digest

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.



Vol. 4

APRIL, 1940

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

It is meet indeed and just, right and helpful unto salvation, that we should at all times extol Thy glory, but more especially in this greatest of times, when Christ our Pasch is sacrificed. For He is the true Lamb that hath taken away the sins of the world; who by dying hath overcome our death, and by rising again hath restored our life.

From the Preface of Easter.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Catholic Digest

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White-collar Criminals

Vice wears an orchid

By EDWIN H. SUTHERLAND

Condensed from the *American Sociological Review**

Criminal statistics show unequivocally that crime, as *popularly conceived and officially measured*, occurs often in the lower class, rarely in the upper class; less than 2% of the persons committed to prisons in a year belong to the upper class. These statistics refer to criminals handled by the police, the criminal and juvenile courts, and the prisons, and to such crimes as murder, assault, burglary, robbery, larceny, sex offenses, and drunkenness, but exclude traffic violations.

The criminologists have used the case histories and criminal statistics derived from these agencies of criminal justice as their principal data. From them, they have derived general theories of criminal behavior. These theories are that, since crime is concentrated in the lower class, it is caused by poverty or by personal and social characteristics believed to be associated statis-

tically with poverty, including feeble-mindedness, psychopathic deviations, slum neighborhoods, and "deteriorated" families.

The conventional explanations are invalid principally because they are derived from biased samples. The samples are biased in that they have not included vast areas of criminal behavior of persons not in the lower class. One of these neglected areas is the criminal behavior of business and professional men.

The "robber barons" of the last half of the 19th century were white-collar criminals, as practically everyone now agrees. Their attitudes are illustrated by these statements: Colonel Vanderbilt asked, "You don't suppose you can run a railroad in accordance with the statutes, do you?" A. B. Stickney, a railroad president, said to 16 other railroad presidents in the home of J. P.

*University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa. February, 1940.

Morgan in 1890, "I have the utmost respect for you gentlemen, individually, but as railroad presidents I wouldn't trust you with my watch out of my sight." Charles Francis Adams said, "The difficulty in railroad management lies in the covetousness, want of good faith, and low moral tone of railway managers, in the complete absence of any high standard of commercial honesty."

The present-day criminals, who are more suave and deceptive than the "robber barons," are represented by Krueger, Stavisky, Whitney, Mitchell, Foshay, Insull, the Van Sweringens, Musica-Coster, Fall, Sinclair, and many other captains of finance, and by a host of lesser followers. Their criminality has been demonstrated again and again in the investigations of land offices, railways, insurance, munitions, banking, public utilities, stock exchanges, the oil industry, real estate, reorganization committees, receiverships, bankruptcies, and politics. Individual cases of such criminality are reported frequently, and in many periods more important crime news may be found on the financial pages of newspapers than on the front pages. White-collar criminality is found in every occupation, as can be discovered readily in casual conversation with a representative of an occupation by asking him, "What crooked practices are found in your occupation?"

White-collar criminality in business

is expressed most frequently in the form of misrepresentation in financial statements of corporations, manipulation in the stock exchanges, commercial bribery, bribery of public officials directly or indirectly in order to secure favorable contracts and legislation, misrepresentation in advertising and salesmanship, embezzlement and misapplication of funds, short weights and measures and misgrading of commodities, tax frauds, misapplication of funds in receiverships and bankruptcies. These are what Al Capone called "the legitimate rackets." These and many others are found in abundance in the business world.

The varied types of white-collar crimes in business and the professions consist principally of violation of delegated or implied trust, and many of them can be reduced to two categories: misrepresentation of asset values and duplicity in the manipulation of power. The first is approximately the same as fraud or swindling; the second is similar to the double cross. The latter is illustrated by the corporation director who, acting on inside information, purchases land which the corporation will need and sells it at a fantastic profit to his corporation. The principle of this duplicity is that the offender holds two antagonistic positions, one of which is a position of trust, which is violated, generally by misapplication of funds, in the interest of the other position. A football coach, permitted to

referee a game in which his own team was playing, would illustrate this antagonism of positions. Such situations cannot be completely avoided in a complicated business structure, but many concerns make a practice of assuming such antagonistic functions and regularly violating the trust thus delegated to them. When compelled by law to make a separation of their functions, they make a nominal separation and continue by subterfuge to maintain the two positions.

The Federal Trade Commission in 1920 reported that commercial bribery was a common practice in many industries. In certain chain stores, the net shortage in weights was sufficient to pay 3.4% on the investment in those commodities. Of the cans of ether sold to the army in 1923-1925, 70% were rejected because of impurities. In Indiana, during the summer of 1934, 40% of the ice cream samples, tested in a routine manner by the Division of Public Health, were in violation of law. The Comptroller of the Currency in 1908 reported that violations of law were found in 75% of the banks examined in a three months' period. Lie detector tests of all employees in several Chicago banks, supported in almost all cases by confessions, showed that 20% of them had stolen bank property. A public accountant estimated, in the period prior to the Securities and Exchange Commission, that 80% of the financial statements of corpora-

tions were misleading. James M. Beck said, "Diogenes would have been hard put to it to find an honest man in the Wall Street which I knew as a corporation lawyer [in 1916]."

White-collar criminality in politics, which is generally recognized as fairly prevalent, has been used by some as a rough gauge by which to measure white-collar criminality in business. James A. Farley said, "The standards of conduct are as high among officeholders and politicians as they are in commercial life," and Cermak, while mayor of Chicago, said, "There is less graft in politics than in business." John Flynn wrote, "The average politician is the merest amateur in the gentle art of graft, compared with his brother in the field of business." And Walter Lippmann wrote, "Poor as they are, the standards of public life are so much more social than those of business that financiers who enter politics regard themselves as philanthropists."

These statements obviously do not give a precise measurement of the relative criminality of the white-collar class, but they are adequate evidence that crime is not so highly concentrated in the lower class as the usual statistics indicate. Also, these statements obviously do not mean that every business and professional man is a criminal, just as the usual theories do not mean that every man in the lower class is a criminal. On the other hand, the preceding statements refer in many cases

to the leading corporations in America and are not restricted to the disreputable business and professional men who are called quacks, ambulance chasers, bucket-shop operators, dead-beats, and fly-by-night swindlers.

The financial cost of white-collar crime is probably several times as great as the financial cost of all the crimes which are customarily regarded as the "crime problem." An officer of a chain grocery store in one year embezzled \$600,000, which was six times as much as the annual losses from 500 burglaries and robberies of stores in that chain. The six greatest public enemies secured \$130,000 by burglary and robbery in 1938, while the sum stolen by Krueger is estimated at \$250 million, or nearly 2,000 times as much. The *New York Times* in 1931 reported four cases of embezzlement in the U. S. with a loss of more than \$1 million each and a combined loss of \$9 million. Although a \$1 million burglar or robber is practically unheard of, these \$1 million embezzlers are small fry among white-collar criminals. The estimated loss to investors in one investment trust from 1929 to 1935 was \$580 million due primarily to the fact that 75% of the values in the portfolio were in securities of affiliated companies, although it advertised the importance of diversification in investments and its expert services in selecting safe securities. In Chicago, the claim was made six years ago that householders had lost \$54 mil-

lion in two years during the administration of a city sealer who granted immunity from inspection to stores which provided Christmas baskets for his constituents.

The financial loss from white-collar crime, great as it is, is less important than the damage to social relations. White-collar crimes violate trust and therefore create distrust, which lowers social morale and produces social disorganization on a large scale. Other crimes produce relatively little effect on social institutions or social organization.

White-collar crime is real crime. It is not ordinarily called crime, and calling it by that name does not make it worse, just as refraining from calling it crime does not make it any better.

The respects in which the crimes of the two classes differ are the incidentals rather than the essentials of criminality. They differ principally in the implementation of the criminal laws which apply to them. The crimes of the lower class are handled by policemen, prosecutors, and judges, with penal sanctions in the form of fines, imprisonment, and death. The crimes of the upper class either result in no official action at all, or result in suits for damages in civil courts, or are handled by inspectors, and by administrative boards or commissions, with penal sanctions in the form of warnings, orders to cease and desist, occasionally the loss of a license, and only in ex-

treme cases by fines or prison sentences. Thus, the white-collar criminals are segregated administratively from other criminals, and largely as a consequence of this are not regarded as real criminals by themselves, the general public, or the criminologists.

In contrast with the power of the white-collar criminals is the weakness of their victims. Consumers, investors, and stockholders are unorganized, lack technical knowledge, and cannot protect themselves. Daniel Drew, after taking a large sum of money by sharp practice from Vanderbilt in the Erie deal, concluded that it was a mistake to take money from a powerful man on the same level as himself and declared that in the future he would confine his efforts to outsiders, scattered all over the country, who wouldn't be able to organize and fight back. White-collar criminality flourishes at points where powerful business and professional men come in contact with persons who are weak. In this respect, it is similar to stealing candy from a baby. Many of the crimes of the lower class, on the other hand, are committed against persons of wealth and power in the form of burglary and robbery. Because of this difference in the comparative power of the victims, the white-collar criminals enjoy relative immunity.

Embezzlement is an interesting exception to white-collar criminality in this respect. Embezzlement is usually

theft from an employer by an employee, and the employee is less capable of manipulating social and legal forces in his own interest than is the employer. As might have been expected, the laws regarding embezzlement were formulated long before laws for the protection of investors and consumers.

The theory that criminal behavior in general is due either to poverty or to conditions associated with poverty can now be shown to be invalid for two reasons. First, the generalization is based on a biased sample which omits almost entirely the behavior of white-collar criminals. The criminologists have restricted their data, for reasons of convenience and ignorance rather than of principle, largely to cases dealt with in criminal courts and juvenile courts, and these agencies are used principally for criminals from the lower economic strata. Consequently, their data are grossly biased from the point of view of the economic status of criminals, and their generalization that criminality is closely associated with poverty is not justified.

Second, the generalization that criminality is closely associated with poverty obviously does not apply to white-collar criminals. With a small number of exceptions, they are not in poverty, were not reared in slums or badly deteriorated families, and are not feeble-minded or psychopathic. They were seldom problem children in their earlier years and did not appear in

juvenile courts or child guidance clinics. The proposition, derived from the data used by the conventional criminologists, that "the criminal of today was the problem child of yesterday" is seldom true of white-collar criminals.

The idea that the causes of criminality are to be found almost exclusively in childhood similarly is fallacious. Even if poverty is extended to include the economic stresses which afflict business in a period of depression, it is not closely correlated with white-collar criminality. Probably at no time within 50 years have white-collar crimes in the field of investments and of corporate management been so extensive as during the boom period of the 20's.

Those who become white-collar criminals generally start their careers in good neighborhoods and good homes, graduate from colleges with some idealism and, with little selection on their

part, get into particular business situations in which criminality is practically a folkway, and are inducted into that system of behavior just as into any other folkway. The lower-class criminals generally start their careers in deteriorated neighborhoods and families, find delinquents at hand from whom they acquire the attitudes toward, and techniques of, crime through association with delinquents and in partial segregation from law-abiding people. The essentials of the process are the same for the two classes of criminals. This is not entirely a process of assimilation, for inventions are frequently made, perhaps more frequently in white-collar crime than in lower class crime. The inventive geniuses for the lower-class criminals are generally professional criminals, while the inventive geniuses for many kinds of white-collar crime are too frequently found to be lawyers.



On Whose Side Is God?

In time there are many battles, but in the order of eternity there is only one battle. The good Jews, good Protestants, and good Catholics in Russia and Germany, England and France, are not enemies in the eternal battle. From the divine point of view, and no other point of view matters, the just on both sides are fellow-travelers in the journey from time to the Father's heavenly mansion, but sharing in the sufferings caused by the sins of the world, until the Judgment, when our destiny will be decided not by the national anthem we sing, but by fidelity to conscience and the God who made us.

From an address by Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen (NCCM pamphlet).

Pioneers of the Golden West

Men at hard work

By P. REDMOND BUCKLEY

Condensed from the *Cross**

The coast route from San Diego to San Francisco is today called by the unimaginative numeral No. 101. But in more romantic times it was given the magic title *El Camino Real*, the Royal Road, or the King's Highway. It was a royal road indeed, for the men who blazed that ageless trail for 700 miles were not merely the emissaries of the king of Spain; those brown-robed Franciscans carried the undying message of the King of Kings out into the wilderness. Today the undying inspiration of the mission padres is forever enshrined in the history of California; and with a greater understanding of their achievement has come, too, a desire to rescue from oblivion that remembrance of their important contribution to the making of America.

Each of the 21 missions was founded on a definite plan, and in each one the same essential outline was followed. There was a church, a residence for the friars, a fort for the small military guard, and finally shops and work-rooms in which the Indians could be instructed in the arts of civilization. After the first few foundations, experience taught the Franciscans that it was better to have the mission at some distance from the fort, as the morals of the soldiers did not afford the desired

good example to the Indians. Later the land was cultivated, olive groves and orchards were planted, and the abundant pastures were stocked with herds of cattle, sheep and horses. The furnishing and decoration of the churches was carried out by the Indian neophytes under the direction of the padres, while chalices, books, bells and vestments were brought from Spain and Mexico. The initial driving force of this minor miracle was Fra Junipero Serra. Things always moved quickly under the powerful impetus of his eager spirit.

It would have been hard enough even had all possible assistance been extended to him. But he had to fight every inch of the way. The officials constantly grumbled at his incessant demands; even the friendly ones found him troublesome, while to those infected with an anti-clerical spirit he must have been simply unbearable. But excessive deference to human opinion was not one of his weaknesses, and he was exceedingly practical in requiring from the officials only what he well knew it was in their power to give.

He was working against time. He was already an old man and there was much to be done. Four times he walked to San Francisco where the Dolores

*Mount Argus, Dublin, S.W. 7, Ireland. February, 1940.

Mission had been founded by Fathers Palou and Cambon in 1776. His first visit was in the following year when, 63 years old and lame, this amazing man had walked 45 miles across rough country from San Carlos to inspect the latest foundation. Full of energy, he sang solemn Mass next day, and preached a glowing sermon which echoed his own sentiments of intrepid faith and ardent gratitude to God. Later they took him to the shore where he could gaze out over the Golden Gate. In that moment of exaltation he had the sudden realization that the major portion of his task had been accomplished. "*Gracias a Dios!*" he cried, "Our holy Father St. Francis with the cross of the mission procession has reached the extreme end of the continent of California. To pass on now, he must have a ship!" To other hands he might safely leave the completion of the task he had undertaken.

One of the great disappointments of Serra's apostolic heart was that he was unable to found the Santa Barbara Mission. Friction had arisen between himself and Governor Neve regarding arrangements for the Indian neophytes. Although he was able to plant the cross at Santa Barbara, and to have land and building materials prepared, the mission was not founded until two years after Serra's death. Among the archives of Santa Barbara is a quaint description, in Serra's own handwriting, of his first arrival at Santa Barbara. It

offers an authoritative account of what must have been his usual procedure:

"On the 3rd Sunday after Easter, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph the Patriarch, spouse of holy Mary, April 21, 1782, on which day, I, the undersigned Junipero Serra, president of these missions among infidels, of said and by said College Apostolic, having arranged all necessary preliminaries, in a chapel made of brush and decorated as best the circumstances permitted, blessed water, and with it dedicated the land to God our Lord. We then raised a large and high cross which we venerated, and I thereupon celebrated the holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in these lands and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. Because of the absence of an assistant it was necessarily a low Mass, and for the same reason the service was concluded with *Alabado* instead of the *Te Deum*. May it be for the glory of God, the propagation of the faith and the welfare of souls. The first priests will be assigned on their arrival. This book numbers 212 pages."

Santa Barbara, known as "The Queen of the Missions," is of quite special interest because it is the only one of all the foundations that has an unbroken historic record. From the day of its foundation it has remained in the hands of the Franciscans, and the "sacred flame," symbolic of the Real Presence, has never been extinguished. Only for a short time after

the earthquake of June 29, 1925, were devotions held in the open air, until the debris had been cleared away and the church reopened for the public. Indeed, earthquakes on more than one occasion played havoc with the mission buildings. In the great earthquake of 1812 the magnificent Church of San Juan Capistrano, which had taken more than nine years in the building, was almost destroyed. It was on the feast of the Immaculate Conception during Mass that the bell tower crashed, killing many.

The present magnificent mission Church of Santa Barbara was built between 1815 and 1820 to replace the smaller preceding chapels which had proved inadequate to accommodate the growing number of Indian neophytes. The Indian village consisted in 1807 of 252 separate adobe buildings giving shelter to as many Indian families. The mission population was 1,792, while in the Santa Barbara district there were over 5,000 Indians. The mission was secularized by the Mexican government in 1834, but restored to the Franciscans by President Lincoln in March, 1865, less than a month before he was assassinated. The mission church is the most solid structure of its kind in California, with sandstone walls six feet thick, supported by nine-foot thick buttresses. Its twin bell towers, unique in mission architecture, are 30 feet high, while its simple but imposing façade has profoundly in-

fluenced building design along the whole West Coast. Santa Barbara, with a community of 60 Franciscans, is now the motherhouse of the Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara, which includes California, Arizona, Oregon and Washington.

There is hardly a single spot along *El Camino Real* that does not abound with memories of the mission padres and their work. At San Diego, "Mother of the Missions," is the resting place of Fra Jayme, first martyr of the California missions. The work of conversion had been proceeding favorably, and 116 baptisms had been recorded when suddenly the chiefs rose in revolt. In November, 1775, 800 Indians attacked the mission shouting, "Death to the Christians! Burn the mission and the presidio!" The church was looted and the barracks set on fire. Outnumbered by 100 to one the Spanish soldiers fought through the night until their powder was exhausted. But the Indians had retired and the situation was saved. In a vain effort to avert bloodshed, Fra Jayme had advanced towards the Indians with words of peace upon his lips. He had barely said, "Love God, my children," when the Indians dragged him to the river, stripped him of his garments and clubbed him to death. When, at San Carlos, Serra heard of the tragedy, he envied his companion's death. "Thanks be to God!" he exclaimed. "The land is irrigated with the blood of martyrs."

Rejoicing in the title "King of the Missions," San Luis Rey was the most successful of all the missions along the far-flung *Camino Real*. It had been founded by Fra Antonio Peyri in 1798, and the spot had always been considered a sacred one, for near here had taken place the first Baptism in California. Within ten years from its foundation, more than 1,000 Indians were living at the mission; five years later the population was 2,603. Fra Antonio, energetic, affable, farseeing and ingenious, was thoroughly at home in his pioneering work. He taught the Indians how to make bricks with such success that in six weeks they had 8,000 bricks ready for the new buildings. By 1810, San Luis Rey had 20,000 cattle and had harvested 67,116 bushels of grain. To fight disease, Fra Antonio introduced a dispensary and hospital, with the result that the death rate at San Luis Rey was the lowest of all the missions in California.

The mission, like most of its companion establishments, was not only self-supporting but able to supply a market surplus. From San Luis Rey the garrison at San Diego was supplied with wheat, corn, beans, soap, blankets, mantles, and even shoes, all produced or manufactured by Indians under the supervision of Fra Antonio. Before he

quitted San Luis Rey the value of the mission property was estimated at \$300,000, no small result for 34 years of unselfish labor. But that financial result counted for little in his eyes beside 5,000 Baptisms. When the Mexicans decided to expel all the Spanish Fathers in 1829, Fra Antonio, at 70 years of age, reluctantly left his California home to return to Europe. Five hundred Indians rode to San Diego to beg him to return; many even risked their lives by swimming out after the vessel whence the good padre with tears in his eyes gave them his blessing.

What changes have come to pass on *El Camino Real* with the years! But the greatest change was wrought by the mission Fathers. They found the Indians in a state of barbarism, stupid, dirty, thriftless and superstitious. They gave them Christianity and civilization. Less than 20 years later those same Indians were engaged in peaceful pastoral tasks. With the grace of Baptism they became Christian, learned to pray, flocked to Mass on Sundays and feastdays. The Indians have gone, the padres have mouldered, but the story of their achievement is an imperishable monument, more lasting even than the mission buildings which they raised, strong and beautiful, along the King's Highway.



Now we have the harrowing spectacle of Poland crucified between two thieves.

Archbishop Downey in the [Melbourne] *Advocate* (11 Jan. '40).

Low-cost Houses

Want one?

By CECIL G. GRACE

Condensed from *Social Action**

"I just finished reading an article in the December issue of the *Catholic Digest* about your cement house. I am a young fellow contemplating marriage, and the housing problem has me greatly concerned. I have a lot here in town. I have little money, but am willing to try your plan if I only had some idea how to start. I cannot figure out how you do it. Anything you can tell me about this will be greatly appreciated."

That letter was one of literally scores received by Charles Madden of Rochester, Mich., after *Social Action* and the *Catholic Digest*† publicized the low-cost housing project which he had developed. As readers of that article will remember, Mr. Madden has a plan whereby a young couple can build their own home, using concrete, \$10 worth of tools, and their own labor, for a total cost of less than \$1,000.

Charlie was skeptical as to how many people would be interested in his idea. But soon things began to move rapidly. A priest in South Dakota was in such a hurry that he simply wrote, "Send me a plan and tell me how to mix concrete."

From North Dakota came a letter from a parish priest, saying, "We have

no priest's rectory here and very little money with which to buy or build one. This building would suit our purpose very well."

Auto workers, victims of the inhuman industrial lay-off system, responded to Mr. Madden's call for low-cost housing. As one wrote from North Bergen, N. J.: "If I could build a house such as you have, it would give me and my family a greater feeling of security during my seasonal unemployment. I work in the Ford assembly plant in Edgewater, N. J. If you could give me more information about building a concrete house, I will be deeply grateful."

A young blade from Milwaukee wrote: "I was much interested in an article by you. Self-built houses are practical. After reading the article very carefully I came to the conclusion that your plan offers a solution for young Catholic people about a housing problem. I am a young man about to be married and would appreciate very much to receive a reply from you."

A worried pastor writes from Alberta, Canada: "Young folks here have now reached, in fact, many of them are now beyond, the marriageable stage. But the economic conditions of this crazy age have apparently condemned

*Box 74, North End Station, Detroit, Mich. March, 1940.

them to a life of bachelorhood and spinsterhood on the old homestead.

"The more courageous ones who do marry have a choice. They may and do move into the already overcrowded parental roof, or they "work out" with older childless farmers in the neighborhood. Here the young husband does the fieldwork and the chores while the wife becomes the servant of the house, for a combined remuneration of \$20 per month a family.

"The third class and perhaps the most fortunate are able to lease or pay a small payment down on a half-section of land. They then move into a one or two-room shack, built of rough lumber and building paper, where they endure a very low standard of living and happily enough begin the long, painful grind of establishing a farm and raising a family.

"It strikes me that I could easily get a few groups of these young men together to undertake the building of concrete houses similar to the one described in your article. I wish I could take a trip down East for a few hours' instruction from Charles Madden."

The editor of one of our largest American Catholic magazines communicated with Madden, saying, "Our magazine has an office force of about 20 young men (no women). It is thinking of acquiring some land and starting with a house or two. Even if the cost is double that which you estimate, it is still amazingly inexpensive."

So much for the letters which have come in as a result of the article, *Cementing Marriage*, describing the concrete house which Madden says anyone can build for less than \$1,000. Since the original article was written, Charlie Madden's daughter and her future husband have just about finished their concrete house. This June they look forward to marriage, honeymoon, and then life in their self-built concrete home. The day they marry they have a clear deed to their home.

But from the letters which have come in, it is evident that many of those who want to build have little money. The average Catholic lives in the city, is a member of the lower income group, and has a family slightly larger than the family of the other city people. If one-third of our population is receiving an annual wage of less than \$1,000, it is certainly safe to conclude, startling though it may be, that almost half of our entire Catholic population lives on an annual income of \$1,000 a year or less.

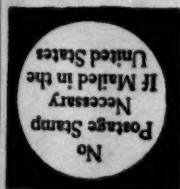
It is obvious that our Catholic people need help. If the Church is interested in social charity, so also is the Church interested in social justice and social action. Therefore, if a way can be found to help the underprivileged Catholic population to have homes of the low-cost construction which Charlie Madden advocates, then the Church in America will have taken a long step forward in social progress.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

55 E. TENTH ST.

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Madden has proposed a way out of the dilemma; he has urged the Federal Housing Administration to extend the new liberal loan policy of the FHA to individuals who want to build \$800 homes the Madden way. FHA officials in Detroit have been approached, the plan has been taken under advisement, and already preliminary surveys indicate that chances are good for Madden's plan getting the full approval of Uncle Sam.

If Madden's plan gets the O.K. from Washington, it will then be possible for thousands of Catholics living in the city to look forward to the coming spring and summer as a time when a house can be built in the suburbs in spare time. FHA will finance the construction, and after the house is built the builder will probably have to pay

only \$10 to \$12 a month for repayment, interest, insurance and taxes.

Thus, the self-built concrete housing program suggested by Charles Madden, of Rochester, Mich., is a program which will probably play a large part in implementing the program of social action advocated by the Church. Low-cost housing means wider ownership, and it also means more real income. More real income means more babies, better living. So, on with Madden's low-cost housing program. On with the program to spread home ownership in America in a practical way.

(As soon as FHA approval is secured, Mr. Madden will supply all interested persons with blueprints and specifications and other necessary instructions for those who want to build their own under-\$1,000 home.)

Mythical Prosperity

If there are 10,000 families in a certain town, and 8,000 of them own their homes outright, that to us means true prosperity. We do not give two straws for all the figures on business activity, and we care less about the stock market. Those figures gauge the prosperity of the people who *own* the property represented by the figures. Those figures do not gauge the prosperity of the people at large. It is an absolutely false conclusion to suppose that because business is "good" the people are better off.

When the people as a whole become the owners of the industrial enterprises, then, and not till then, will commercial activity be any measure of their well-being.

I. McDonough in the *Social Forum* (Dec. '39).

Nothing would be done at all if a man waited until he could do it so well that no one would find fault with it.

—Cardinal Newman.

Dean of the World's Monarchs

By KEES VAN HOEK

Hausfrau in ermine

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**

The House of Orange-Nassau, which rules over Holland, may claim to be the oldest family among reigning dynasties. It was, in the 16th century, William the Silent who became the first ruler of an independent Holland, Father of the Fatherland. From him Queen Wilhelmina descends, 11th in succession of seven stadholders and of three kings. Four centuries of service by her family to her country are represented in her. In providential survival her house holds a unique record, for when Wilhelmina succeeded to the throne she was barely ten years old.

Let me illustrate with a charming incident how she was set about her great task. Having just succeeded her father, Wilhelmina appeared for the first time on the balcony of the royal palace in Amsterdam, facing the cheering multitude of her subjects. Looking down on them, she asked her mother in a wondering voice, "Mama, do all these people belong to me?" There was a world of wisdom in her mother's correction, "No, my child, it is you who belong to all these people!" That became the guiding principle of a girl's education to kingship.

Though The Hague is the royal residence and the seat of the government, Wilhelmina spent her youth, and for

that matter, still spends most of her time, at the palace Het Loo. It is a wide two-storied country seat, a short distance from the town of Apeldoorn, in the heart of the Veluwe, Gelderland's vast stretch of woods, moorland and hills. Throughout the centuries it has been the hunting box of the princes of Orange, since William and Mary bought it from the Bentincks. Le Notre, the magician of Versailles, laid out the gardens, and every succeeding stadholder or king improved the estate, so that gradually Het Loo became the favorite Dutch residence.

When Wilhelmina reached, on her 18th birthday, in 1898, the age of constitutional majority, she was officially inaugurated as head of the state. She walked from her palace in Amsterdam to the near-by New Church, attired already in her cloak of ermine and velvet, preceded by the sword of state and the standard of the realm.

In the church the crown, the sceptre and the orb were laid before her and around her gathered her faithful *Staten Generaal*: Senate and House of Commons. As she sat there between the grey and the bearded, between high officers and native princes, the scene was like a noble dream come true. At the sacred moment of her oath she

**St. Saviour's, Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. January, 1940.*

rose, a radiant girl, firmly holding up her small hand, to swear, in a crystal clear, unshaken voice, allegiance to the constitutional liberties of the nation. And afterwards, on her drive through her capital, she stretched both her arms towards her people in the unrestrained response of happiness, for, as she had testified in her proclamation of that day, from her earliest youth they had surrounded her with their love!

Marriage was obviously an urgent necessity of state. On her alone depended the continuation of a centuries-old dynasty. Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg was her choice, a simple and jovial fellow, characteristics which soon won him the affection of his new countrymen.

Life went on peacefully in a land overflowing with milk and honey, until the World War. Holland remained strictly neutral, but the war years were a nightmare nevertheless. The privations in lack of food and fuel were hardest to bear. Economic life lay paralyzed. Half a million men stood guard at the frontier, four long years.

When the armistice came, its relief went to some people's heads. For a moment it looked as if Holland had lost her traditional balance. The Socialist leader announced the revolution, but announced it with true Dutch thoroughness, a week in advance! The Loyalists had time to rise, led by the staunchly Catholic provinces of the South. The day earmarked for the

inauguration of the Republic became the greatest demonstration of loyalty which the monarchy ever witnessed. *Landsmoeder*, Mother of the Land, she has been called since that day.

Queen Wilhelmina is Dutch Reformed by religion. At home she proceeds every morning to prayer and Bible lecture. With the strong Catholic minority of her subjects she has always been on the best of terms. For her faith is real and living. She went specially to Paris to unveil the monument of one of her ancestors, the Admiral de Coligny, leader of the Huguenots. But she turned her homage into equal moral support for the Catholics of France, then suffering under a heyday of militant atheism.

When, as a young woman of barely 21, she made her momentous decision to send a warship to bring the Boer president, Paul Kruger, to safety, the world called her "the last man on a throne of Europe." It sums up admirably the queen's character. She feels strongly a tradition of centuries embodied in her. She likes by temperament to be on the bridge, even if the weather is rough.

Very simple in her tastes, she hates popularity; no other monarch ever went so far in deliberately shunning it. She is not a leader of fashion, she does not attempt to be. Her serious face tends to keep people at a distance, but this is more inherent shyness than deliberate coolness. There is little pomp

in Dutch court life. Some more "show" would not have been unwelcome to many of her subjects. But she just does not happen to like it. She refused a new palace, for which the finest site at The Hague had been offered. The old one, a modest building in a busy shopping street, had been good enough for her ancestors; it was good enough for her. She built herself an unpretentious bungalow in a forlorn corner of the Dunes, which she characteristically called *De Ruigenhoek*, the Rough Corner, for it is almost open to the storms of the North Sea.

Though close on 60 now, the queen still cycles regularly. There are old and sick people in whom she is interested, she visits them and reads to them, and leaves her bicycle standing outside against the window sill in a forgotten little street. In a national emergency, when representatives of all organizations had gathered to discuss ways and means of helping the distressed, Queen Wilhelmina walked over to the meeting from her palace, alone, a middle-aged lady, in a simple sensible coat, with her bag under her arm. She took her seat at the chairman's right and the discussion went on. Thus, the Dutch know her, not in ermine.

Hence her personality corresponds ideally with the Dutch national character. Having a great sense of responsibility, coupled with extraordinary intelligence, one can hardly minimize the value of her constant supervision over

all actions of the Government of the day. She has turned the crown into the keeper of the Government's conscience, safeguarding true democracy against mere party bossing.

Holland has grown in the 40 years of her reign by leaps and bounds, from the 5 millions at her accession to the more than 8½ millions of today. The country changed from one formerly almost entirely agricultural to one now largely industrial. Through the gigantic Zuider Zee reclamation, Holland is peacefully adding a province to her territory. Not a single year has passed without the sea having been intrepidly pushed back. For though the Dutch admit that God, of course, created the world, they always add this reservation, that they made Holland themselves! The Dutch merchant fleet remains one of the finest on the seven seas, her commercial air fleet is second to none. Science and the arts flourish, and in architecture a school has sprung up, bidding fair to rival the fame of the great Dutch schools of painting.

Queen Wilhelmina is today the *doyenne* of all the monarchs of the world. Not a solitary ruler is left of the emperors and kings reigning when Wilhelmina, 40 years ago, came to the throne. Revolutions chased the kings of Portugal and Spain far from their country, the emperor of Germany is an exile in Holland, the mighty Francis Joseph died; Austria does not even exist any more. The czar of Rus-

sia has been exterminated with his whole family. The king of Italy barely holds his own by the tolerance of a popular dictator. Turkey dismissed its sultan and the "Shadow of Allah on Earth" has been replaced by a general in a bowler hat. Serbia, by an entirely local method, acquired a new dynasty. All Wilhelmina's other contemporaries on the thrones of the world have since died.

Today her own throne, grown as it has organically, like everything Dutch, sprung from the people, supported by

them, tied to them by countless bonds, rallies all national forces better than ever before. The example of other countries, denuded of their liberties, has enhanced its modern significance as the only guarantor of a priceless inheritance. The queen, who works and prays with her people, has become the dictator of her subjects' hearts; she is, so they feel, infinitely greater and nobler than the self-imposed dictators elsewhere. She is, in fact, more than the dean of the world's monarchs, she is the greatest king of our times.



For God

The pope is an excellent musician and a violinist of more than ordinary merit and capacity. Since his election it is doubtful if he has much time to handle the bow, but when he was only Cardinal Pacelli, nuncio at Munich, he loved to play his favorite classics and to surround himself with noted musicians. The future pontiff used to say to all those who bantered him upon this penchant that there is nothing frivolous about music; that on the contrary it can become a devout form of prayer.

The Irish Catholic (25 Jan. '40).



For Country

The music made use of by mankind, though it marches slowly and haltingly, quite decisively attaches itself to the political hegemony of the epoch. The royal minuet held sway while France was supreme; the waltz became the undisputed monarch of the ballroom when Napoleon was overthrown with the help of the Germans. One hundred years later the German-Austrian waltz died out when the victorious troops of America streamed across the ocean to the battlefields of Europe.

From *Johann Straus* by H. E. Jacob (Greystone Press, 1939).

Drinking Is a Virtue

By CLAUDE MUSSEL, O.M.C.

Grace before drink?

Condensed from the *Companion**

Inducing men to be temperate in drinking is like most other moral problems. One basic principle applies in all cases: complete intoxication, just for the sake of intoxication, is seriously wrong. In each other individual case, no strict law can be laid down for all. Final condemnation depends upon a multitude of circumstances which must be carefully weighed.

Morality is not like the science of mathematics. Human beings can never be analyzed in the light of mathematical equations. The spirit will not be hampered by these material considerations. Habit, health, quantity, intention, natural weakness and bent of soul are not the same in every person.

We cannot speak of the evil of drinking in the same vein as we speak of the evil of divorce. Divorce is evil in itself; drinking, in itself, is good. This is a point often missed by those who crusade against drunkenness. The case of intemperance is not one that has to do with alcohol, but with the one who drinks it.

In all human actions that are worth while, there is the element of risk, the chance to make a wrong choice. Our nature is called human because it is endowed with reason and free will, and because we have dominion over

our free actions. Whenever we cannot master an action, we are not responsible for it nor for its consequences. We have no merit and no blame.

Prohibition was wrong because it interfered with man's fundamental rights as a free soul. Such a measure is doomed from the start and can never succeed. You cannot legislate a man into the practice of virtue. You might legislate him into total abstinence, but that in itself is not a virtue.

Another important point missed during the dry era was the motive. Prohibition did not succeed because it did not have the proper sanction. No higher motivation was given than that it was a state law. The state forgot that it was dealing with men and not with machines. Besides, no state can efficaciously enforce what is not enforceable through religion, just as no state can enforce what is opposed to the law of God. The Church has always preached and will continue to preach temperance, and will be successful. Neither did prohibitionists mention the philosophical reason that condemns excessive drinking, namely, that drunkenness takes away man's reason and lowers him to the level of the brutes. That motive was not inculcated because it is predicated upon

*540 Chestnut St., Trenton, N. J. February, 1940.

the existence of a higher Being, and a higher Being demands some kind of religion.

Like all other things on earth, alcohol was created by God. Therefore, it is good. It is so good that Christ Himself used it. It can be abused by man, like man abuses many other of the good things given to him, but that is beside the point. God does not demand of man that he do without a single thing that has been created so long as he uses it according to right reason, and according to the time and manner determined by the Creator.

To Catholics the question of prohibition was an important one. It is not blasphemy but deep theology to say that the Catholic faith is bound up with the existence of alcohol. The valid celebration of Mass demands that a certain proportion of alcohol be present in the wine used in the Sacrifice. Had prohibition been thoroughly successful and drawn to its logical conclusion, it would have destroyed the Mass and the faith in our land, and condemned the wisdom of God, who certainly knew what He was doing in choosing bread and wine as the essentials for the Sacrifice.

Many Americans have been taught to believe that there is something inherently wrong in drinking. They still take their drinks stealthily behind drawn shades. Europeans use alcohol in some form as the standard family beverage. It is served with all the

meals every day in the homes of the rich and in the homes of the poor.

In America there is too much drinking just for the sake of drinking. That is wrong, just as it is wrong to eat just for the sake of eating. It is not wrong to eat and drink with pleasure, for no one can help but have this pleasurable feeling. But to have pleasure itself as the ultimate end of these vital functions is contrary to man's exalted dignity as a human being.

There is nothing blue-nosed about the Church just as there was nothing blue-nosed about the Founder of the Church. One of the current accusations made against Christ was, that He was a winebibber, and that He ate and drank with publicans and sinners. Even today the ultra-drys cannot conceive how the Son of God could have changed water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana. Many want to believe that He changed water into grape juice; but that is not so, because you couldn't then have entertained with only grape juice.

The psalmist who was writing under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit says, "Wine gladdens the heart of man." It is a cup of good cheer. Catholic theology teaches that moderate drinking is a virtue when it is done to dispel sadness from the soul. The implication is not that sadness is a worse vice than drunkenness; both are bad, but sadness is always a vice and moderate drinking can be a virtue.

The austere St. Paul cautioned his co-worker Timothy to use a little wine for the sake of his stomach. This advice admits of two theologically and medically correct interpretations. One is that Timothy had a bad stomach and Paul thought a little wine would fix it; the other, that Timothy had a good stomach, and a little wine would keep it so.

No one denies that drunkenness is evil and that it brings frightful consequences in its wake. It destroys reason, the sense of responsibility; it causes the loss of friends, ruins homes and families, and robs man of the opportunity of great achievements. In this light, it can scarcely be looked upon as a trivial, easily pardonable weakness.

Some spend half their lives becoming intoxicated, and the other half in sobering up. For the great majority, moderation is the ideal. Total absti-

nence, if undertaken with the proper motive, is a great virtue; for some, it might be a necessity. Only those teetotalers are despicable who think themselves better than the rest of men.

Drinking habits are influenced by the company we keep. But here, as in all moral matters, it is not what others do which makes us good or evil, but what we ourselves do.

In her nightly prayer at Compline, the Church warns, "Brethren, be sober and watch because your adversary, the devil, goes about like a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour. Whom resist strongly in faith." We say prayers before and after meals, but never think of saying prayers before and after drinking. Beverages, too, are the gifts of God. It would be a very efficacious remedy for curing drunkenness and inducing temperance to say a Hail Mary before and after every drink.



How the Cocktail Got Its Name

A popular country squire who had a great passion for cockfighting was entertaining several friends at his country house. One day his finest fighting cock was missing. A search was made, the seekers consisting of all his guests and servants. After several hours the bird was found, and the searchers returned to the hall. To celebrate his joy, the squire bade his butler choose the finest wine from the cellar, mix in a punch bowl, serve to everyone who had searched, and drink to the "cock's tail." Subsequently the recipe reached the U. S., which in turn, improved the concoction and gave it to the world.

The Catholic Women's Review (20 Dec. '39).

St. Edmund of Norfolk

To be read to a child

By JOAN WINDHAM

Excerpt from a book*

Once upon a time there was a King called King Edmund, and he lived in Norfolk. He was Twenty-Eight years old, which is fairly old, but not for a King. King Edmund was a Specially Good King, like Alfred the Great and King Arthur and Edward I and Gregory V, and all the people loved him.

One day some Fishermen were mending their nets on the beach when they saw sailing towards them a little boat with a man in it.

"That's funny!" said one of the Fishermen, "that isn't an English boat! We don't make sails that Shape!"

"It's Danish," said another Fisherman. (The Danes were great Enemies of the English at that time.)

"It can't be, *surely*," said another Fisherman; "one Dane wouldn't be so Stupid as to come to his Enemies' country All Alone!" And they all stared out to Sea.

When the little boat came ashore the Fishermen ran down the beach and found that the man *was* a Dane. So they took him Prisoner.

They took the Dane straight to the King's Palace, and brought him to King Edmund.

"Who are you?" said King Edmund, "and why did you come here all

Alone to this Unfriendly country?"

"My name is Prince Ragnar," said the Dane, "and I came here by Mistake."

"What happened?" said the King.

"Well," said Ragnar, "I took my Hawk out to catch some Gulls that were spoiling the Fishing. Most of the Gulls were too far to reach from the shore so I took my Boat and sailed out a little way to make it easier for my Hawk. Then there was a Storm of Wind and it blew me right out to Sea. I couldn't do much without any help, and after four or five days, I can't remember quite which, I got here. So I am your Prisoner now. I'm very Hungry and Thirsty, please!"

"You *have* had a Time!" said the King, "but if you will go with my servants they will give you a Bath and clean clothes and food and anything else you may want. Perhaps you would be Kind enough to have Supper with me?"

Ragnar was all Astonished. He thought that King Edmund would have put him in Prison or Killed him, because he was an Enemy. Then he thought that perhaps the Supper was a Trick to make him think he was safe. But he was a brave man, so he said, "Thank you, Sir. I will have

*Saints Who Spoke English. 1939. Sheed & Ward, New York City. 147 pp. \$1.75.

Supper with you with Great Pleasure." And he bowed to the King and went away with some of the Palace Servants. They took him and gave him a Bath and some of King Edmund's own clothes. He was surprised at the beautiful Palace and beautiful Things. Because in Denmark things were much more Rough and Ready even though he was a Prince. The Danes spent most of their time being Pirates, and the Ships and Towns they bothered most were the English ones. Which is why they were our Enemies.

At supper time King Edmund asked Prince Ragnar to sit beside him, and he gave him the best food, out of Silver Dishes, and the best Beer, out of a huge Drinking Horn made of a Horn bound with Silver, and Ragnar got more and more Surprised.

At last he said to the King, "It is very good of you to treat me so well, and to give me Supper first. When am I going to be Killed?"

"You're not going to be," said King Edmund; "you are my Guest, not my Prisoner. You didn't come here on Purpose, and so you don't count as an Enemy. If you will, I would like you to Stay the Night. Or better still, stay for Some Time. I would be glad of your company."

"But *why*?" asked Ragnar. "I'm sure, if *you* had been Washed Ashore in Denmark my father would have killed you!"

"That is because he doesn't know

about being Kind to Strangers," said King Edmund, "because Danes aren't Christians. Besides I like you. Why should I kill you? You haven't done me any Harm."

"You ought to kill me *because* I'm a Dane," said Ragnar; "you aren't a very good Enemy, if you don't mind my saying so."

"But I never kill Danes because they are Danes," said the King; "I kill them when they come and kill my poor Fishermen, or when they Rob my Ships, or Burn my Villages."

"We kill the English because they are English," said Prince Ragnar; "my father always says that is a very good Reason."

"Well, some English people kill Danes because they are Danes," said the King, "but I don't because Danes are very nice people when they are not being Enemies. We grow the same Roses after all."

"So we do!" said Ragnar, "and we Hunt and Fish and sit by the Fire, and feel Cold in winter and Hot in summer, just like you do! How funny! I never thought of that!"

Next day they went Hunting, and King Edmund, who was a Strong and Clever hunter, found that the Prince was an even Greater and Stronger one. And he was pleased, and they became very good friends. And Ragnar stayed in England for a very long time.

But one of the King's Courtiers was very Dissatisfied.

"What *is* the King thinking about?" he said. "He has an Enemy to stay with him and he treats him like a Friend. And Ragnar isn't even a Christian! He's sure to be a Spy!"

But it wasn't all that that he minded. He was Jealous because Ragnar beat everyone hollow at Hunting and Shooting and Fishing, which are all very English things to do.

So one day, when all the Court was Hunting, he waited until no one could see him and he shot Prince Ragnar and killed him Dead! Then, because he knew how terribly Angry the King would be if he found out, he hid Ragnar's body in some bushes and rode on and joined the others.

At the end of the day when they all got home King Edmund said, "Where is Prince Ragnar? Hasn't he come home?"

"Perhaps he has run away!" said the Wicked Courtier.

"Why should he?" asked the King in a Surprised Voice.

"Because he is a Spy," said the Wicked Courtier.

"Nonsense!" said King Edmund, "he is my Friend!"

But Prince Ragnar never came back, and no one could think what had become of him. (But *you* know!)

But it was all Found Out in the End, and this is how:

When he first arrived in his little Boat, King Edmund very kindly gave Ragnar a Greyhound puppy. "In case

you get Lonely, so far from home," he said. And when the puppy grew up he always followed Ragnar everywhere, and slept in his room and all that.

Now when Ragnar was lost, so was the Greyhound, because he saw what the Wicked Courtier had done and he waited by his Master's body until someone came to help. But no one did. And the poor Greyhound got Hungrier and Hungrier until, at last, after some days, he thought he'd go to the Palace for some dinner and then come back. So he went into the big Dining hall and sat beside King Edmund. (Because, although it wasn't Allowed, the King always gave him Bits.)

"Hullo!" said King Edmund, "so you've come back! Where's Master?"

But the Greyhound only wagged his tail and looked at the King's plate.

"Good gracious! how Thin he's got!" said the King, and he told one of his servants to bring a Hot Dinner for the dog. As soon as he'd eaten it, he trotted out of the Hall towards the woods again.

"It's all very Queer!" said King Edmund, and he called some of his Courtiers.

"Follow the dog," he said, "and see where he goes. I can't understand it at all."

So the Courtiers did, and of course they found the body of Prince Ragnar. When they came back and told the

King he was Very Angry and Very Sad.

"Ragnar was my Friend and my Guest," he said. "Who dared to be so Treacherous?" After a whole lot of Asking, some people who were out Hunting on the day that Ragnar was killed remembered that the Wicked Courtier had stayed behind with him and then followed on alone. And so he was Found Out.

So the King called his Counsellors and they all decided what to do with the Wicked Courtier. And when everything was settled they sent for him.

"This is your Punishment," said King Edmund. "You must get into the little Boat that Prince Ragnar came in; and you must be towed right out to Sea and left there. If God wants you to be punished He will arrange it. If not, He will save you."

So the Wicked Courtier was towed out to Sea in Ragnar's little Boat and left there.

And now a very Interesting thing happened. In Denmark Ragnar's father was Hawking for Sea birds on the beach with Ragnar's brother. Suddenly they saw a little boat sailing towards them with one man in it!

"Look!" said Ragnar's father, "Ragnar's boat! He's come home at last!"

"I wonder where he's been all this time," said the brother; "we were sure he must be Drowned. I *am* glad he's safe!"

And they ran down to the edge of the Sea to meet Ragnar. (But you know who it really was, don't you?)

When the boat landed they saw that it wasn't Ragnar at all, but the Wicked Courtier!

"Wicked Christian Englishman!" said Ragnar's father, "you have Killed my son!"

"No, no!" said the Wicked Courtier in a Fright.

"Well, how did you get his Boat then?" said the brother. "Where is he?"

"Well," said the Wicked Courtier, "don't take me Prisoner and I'll tell you. Our Wicked King Edmund killed him! He sailed to England by Accident and, instead of helping him and letting him rest, the King killed him because he was a Dane. Now he is sitting at home in his Palace. He is Absolutely Delighted that Prince Ragnar is dead!"

Now *you* know that none of all that was true. The Wicked Courtier wanted to be Revenged on Edmund for punishing him. (Revenge is paying someone Back.)

But of course Ragnar's father and brother believed it all. And they said, "We will kill King Edmund and all his subjects!"

And then they said to the Wicked Courtier, "And first we will kill *you* because you are one of the Subjects and an Englishman!" And they did, and it served him right, didn't it?

Then the Danes got together a great Army and put them in a fleet of Ships and they sailed across the Sea to England. And they landed and they burnt all the Houses and all the Corn and they killed all the People and all the Cattle, and they went farther and farther inland looking for King Edmund, who was far away from the Sea, seeing to some Business or other.

Then they burnt the big Monastery at Peterborough and sent this Message to the King. "Give us half of your Kingdom for our own and yourself as a Prisoner and we will go away!"

Now King Edmund wasn't ready when the Danes came, and he was busy collecting his Army when the Messenger came. So he asked his great friend, Hubert, Bishop of Helmham, what he ought to do.

"Well," said Hubert, "I think you'll have to Run Away, Your Majesty. I don't know what all your people will say if you are taken Prisoner by the Danes."

"They can have another King," said Edmund.

"But," said Hubert, "they'll never love one as much as they love you. You are their Best King."

"Well, I'll stay and fight with them, I think," said King Edmund. "I would hate to be a Prisoner in a Pagan Country. There'd be no Sacraments. I don't know what I should do."

"The People would much rather you ran away," said Hubert, "then, when

the Danes have gone away, you can come back safely."

"Oh no," said the King, "whatever I do, I won't do that. But I am afraid that if I don't give in to the Danes so many more of my people will be Killed."

"They'd rather That than the Other," said the Bishop.

So King Edmund said to the Messenger, "Go back to your Master and say that I would rather Die with My own People in my own Land and in my own Faith than give them up to the Rule of Pagans."

So, with his Army, King Edmund marched to meet the Danes. They met at Thetford, and there was a Terrible Battle. At last the Danes won and King Edmund was taken Prisoner!

The Danes were delighted to have caught the King!

"Come on!" they said, "let's Poke him Up a bit before we take him to Denmark!" They said to the King, "Now we'll have fun with you, you Horrible Christian!"

"I am glad," said King Edmund. "The Roman soldiers had what they called Fun with our Lord before they killed Him. It is very kind of Him to let me be the Same."

"That's a good Idea!" said one of the Danish soldiers. "Let's be like the Roman Soldiers! They Scourged their Prisoner first!" All the Danes thought that this was a Grand Idea, and they tied King Edmund to a tree outside

a Church and scourged him. Then they had a Shooting Competition with their Arrows, with the King for a Target. He was glad he was so near the Church because the Blessed Sacrament helped him to be Brave. Just when he felt he couldn't be brave any longer the Danes Cut off his Head.

"There!" said God to Edmund, "you were quite right not to give Half your Christian Kingdom to Pagans."

"I'm glad I was," said Edmund, "but all Pagans are not Wicked are they?"

"No, of course not," said God.

"Ragnar was my Best Friend. I am sorry he wasn't a Christian, because now he'll be in Limbo instead of here. I *did* pray for him, too."

"Yes," said God, "you did. Would you like to see him?"

"Yes, I would," said Edmund.

"There he is," said God, "he has got a lot to tell you."

Edmund went up to his Friend, Ragnar.

"How *did* you get here when you are not a Christian?"

"I *am* a Christian though," said Ragnar with a big smile.

"But you weren't Baptized, were you?" said Edmund, all surprised.

"I had the Baptism of Desire," said Ragnar. "I wanted to be a Christian after I had lived in your Palace for a time, but I was Rather Shy of asking you. I was just going to Do Something about it when I was killed. So our Lord very kindly let me be a Christian and come to Heaven."

"Good!" said Edmund. "I *am* glad to see you again." And they went away together to find some other friends.



Cardinal Wiseman's death is typical of the way in which real Christians regard death. The old cardinal lay dying. Apparently the old gentleman did not realize that he was near the end, so a whispered consultation made the watchers decide that they had better break the news gently but emphatically.

They whispered, as soothingly as possible, "Your Eminence, all men must die; your time seems to be drawing near."

"Yes," the cardinal cried, with sudden strength, "I know."

They looked at one another in shocked surprise. Was the old cardinal perhaps out of his head? Could it be that he was already delirious?

"Your Eminence," they whispered, "how do you feel?"

"Feel?" How strong his voice sounded! How full of resurgent youth! "I feel like a schoolboy going home for the holidays!"

From the pamphlet *Death Isn't Terrible* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

America's First Massacre

And the first murder trial

By ALMA M. FRITSCH

Condensed from the *Voice of St. Jude**

St. Catherine's Day, 1598, broke with startling solemnity upon Florida's scandalized colonists. Five Franciscan priests attached as teachers to Guale, Topquini and Tolomato tribes had been murdered brutally in a general uprising at St. Augustine and nearby mission posts; their sacred altar vessels and vestments stolen. A sixth priest, Father Davilla, had been "so terribly mutilated as to be unrecognizable by his friends." Furthermore, Fray Francisco de Avila was missing. All the criminals escaped. The young colony seethed with excitement, its Indian population furtive, its Spanish population suspicious and threatening.

Meanwhile, the king of Spain received four letters from his Florida subjects, upon which he acted quickly. Consequently, the next boat leaving Spain for America carried aboard one of His Majesty's ablest "G-men" whose task it was to ferret out and punish the murderers and kidnappers, and to recover the profaned altar vessels.

Lieutenant Exiga went directly to the *presidio* on reaching Florida. He found the governor and his staff ably served by countless baptized Indians and indulging in all the comforts of pseudo court life. Assuming personal command of the investigation, he

found, too, that Governor Avendano had ordered summary action against offending tribes, many of whose dwellings and granaries already had been burned to the ground.

The new operative was stubbornly convinced that the kidnapped priest would be found alive. Through wearing months of exposure in inclement weather, he searched Indian country, concerned lest the desperate poverty of the natives under Spanish overseers might lead to further uprisings. One fruitless clue after another he ran down and abandoned. Unyielding as a bloodhound, again and again he dropped in at the goaty-smelling *bujio* (hut) of some friendly native, lingering over a cup of *cazina* (a steeped Indian herb tea), eyes and ears alert. The governor's staff looked patronizingly upon the young operative who seemed to them about as obtuse as he was dapper, but the lieutenant was not wasting time. Working under cover, he learned that most of the stolen altar vessels, divided by the Indians at the time of the massacre, were being used by pagan natives at inland sacrificial rites. These he reclaimed. Visiting many mission posts, the persistent lieutenant was storing away first-hand facts for his king, soon to

*64 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill. January, 1940.

influence the appointment of a new colonial governor. Despite sincere willingness on their part, however, native converts were unable to establish for Exiga contact with the captive priest whom they knew to be alive. This brought about, with dramatic finesse, a surprise ceremonial visit by Lieutenant Exiga to the assembled chiefs and medicine men gathered in their great council house. There he was received with dignity but constraint.

Sitting in a wall-niche *barbacoa* (a reed bed, with a bear-skin covering), the operative watched through a haze of peace-pipe smoke the assembled chieftains while they politely denied all knowledge of the young priest's whereabouts. Satisfied that they were feigning ignorance, he tried in vain to penetrate their defences. To repeated offers of high ransom they turned a deaf ear. Then the lieutenant, casting aside diplomacy, threatened to send for the infantry from Fort Sant' Elena, 50 leagues distant from the garrison, and to enlist the aid of friendly inland Caciques and their warriors. He actually made good the threat by completing preparations for war; whereupon the whereabouts of the captive missionary was divulged by an Indian patriot who sought to protect her tribe from greater desolation. But another 60 days passed before the kidnapped priest could be reached by letter and send back his answer through a bribed Tolomato Indian.

So far the Indian chiefs had been able to thwart the thoroughly irked Exiga who now decided to change tactics. Taking the offensive, he confided to a few accomplices his strategy for reprisal. Thereupon in several villages the favorite sons of Indian chiefs simultaneously vanished. Then the lieutenant notified tribal counsellors that his captives would be held incommunicado for 30 days as hostages, during which time the kidnapped priest must be returned to him unharmed. Or else

Anxious chieftains gathered to agree solemnly that within 15 days they would surrender the priest unharmed in exchange for the safe return of their sons plus delivery of some hatchets and spades. Fifteen days later an exchange of hostages took place in silence. Father de Avila, woefully emaciated, was handed over to his deliverers. From him the operative asked a signed statement of his condition. From a dozen or more natives ominous affidavits were taken, detailing all that had transpired.

Some of the Indian boys present, it next appeared, had been impious eyewitnesses to the actual slaying and kidnapping. Among them was pointed out a young adult just coming into manhood, an unbaptized native called Lucas. Extreme discipline had to be inflicted to prevent a reversion to savagery. Inasmuch as the rest of the boys, equally ungodly, were too young

to be indicted for murder, the unfortunate Lucas, charged with slaying Fray Blas Rodriguez de Montes was peremptorily tried, at the first murder trial ever held in America.

Present at that tumultuous court of inquiry was the ransomed priest, de Avila, forbidden by the canons of his Order to bear witness against the accused. Three Christianized Indians, remorseful at the dishonor to their race, appeared against Lucas. They testified through interpreters that Lucas, present at the killing of de Montes, had participated in the crime by making no effort to stop the attack. That much Lucas warily acknowledged, insisting vehemently, however, that he had not been an accomplice and had not struck the blow. Juan Ximeno, notary public and secretary of the court, who recorded all trial proceedings, attested Lucas' so-called "confession."

Lucas, though fighting for his life, incautiously admitted that de Montes had been killed "ten or 11 moons past," eight Caciques first having held a conference at which they decreed death to all the priests. When night came, Chiefs Asao, Tolafo, Atmehe, Frello, Tupique and Almate were helped by another chief, Pisiache, who struck the friar on the head with a hatchet as he knelt before the altar in prayer. Scornfully contemptuous of the white man's religion, the chiefs then buried the bleeding priest in the church.

Pressed for a motive for the attack, Lucas maintained that the Indians had conspired to kill Father Rodriguez "because he was artful, and took away our enchantments, and would not allow us to have more than one wife."

Other convert witnesses at Lucas' trial, impelled by conscience to make a clean breast of everything they knew, publicly testified regarding the deaths of the other martyred priests as follows:

Fray Miguel de Annon and Fray Antonio Lego, among the teachers of Guale, had had their hands tied behind them before they were put to death, but the actual method of killing and identity of the slayers were unknown.

Father Berahula and his companion likewise were killed that night. Though no eyewitnesses could be found to give testimony, it was rumored that these friars had been slain with wooden weapons while asleep.

Although de Avila did not take the stand in person, several Indians testified that he had been kidnapped from his cell, held captive, stripped of his clothing, beaten with sticks, and stoned by jeering native boys who daily had chased him naked through their village streets; that only occasionally had he been fed, and then only on leaves and tendrils of vines.

This concluded the testimony of witnesses. Lucas was found guilty of having participated in the slaying of Fray Blas Rodriguez de Montes and

received the sentence of death.

The day of Lucas' conviction was a red-letter day in American jurisprudence. Had not Spanish punishment been meted out post haste, who knows but what the Lucas case might have been synonymous not only with America's first murder trial, but likewise its first lynching party. A gibbet, hastily erected on the public square, drew out *en masse* the entire Spanish colony. Women and children fingered their beads in perspiring hands. The Indians, compelled to witness the effect of transgression against Spanish law, were also there, chastened, eyes downcast. When Lucas' swaying body was cut down from the noose, it was lashed to a stake, burning faggots quickly consuming it. For the sentence of the court had read that the condemned must be hanged by the neck until dead, "and after death his body to be burned to powder."

What about the Spanish governor whose destructive corruption in office, subverting constructive teachings of the missionaries, had induced a massacre? And what about the more culpable Indian chiefs, for whom Lucas paid the penalty? Were not these men to suffer punishment also? Spanish diplomacy said "No."

But an extraordinary sequence of events followed, which proved once more that God often permits great evil that greater good may come.

A new and better governor reached

Florida. Eleven additional Franciscan friars hurried into the breach, continuing in Florida the work of their martyred brothers.

The king received another and happier letter, in 1600, from one of his Florida subjects, this time from the Franciscan priest Fray Baltazar Lopez, a co-worker of the martyred missionaries. Father Lopez reported that he had been laboring in Florida as a missionary for 12 years and had "converted among hundreds of Indians, Don Juan, the Cacique, who now stands high among his people and has quelled many uprisings; who has sent relief to the people of the garrison in time of famine."

Forsaking persecution of Christians, contrite Don Juan, like Saul, was leaving no stone unturned in his eagerness to cooperate in spreading the Gospel among his people. Presenting himself before the governor, he pleaded again and again for more Christian teachers for the tribes, literally leading into the Church thousands of native followers through his genuine conversion and good example. When Cuba's Dominican bishop, Don Cabezas Y Altamirano, made his first episcopal visit in 1606 to the nine mission posts established in Florida, Don Juan was prominent among 2,500 Indian converts he confirmed. Accompanying him to the church were some of the chiefs who had been his accomplices on the fateful night of the murders.

By 1634, 44 mission stations in Florida, under the leadership of 35 toiling priests, gave monthly Communions to about 30,000 Indians. This was approximately one-third of the total native population of the entire Southeast. By 1640, "more than 80 mission stations established at various points between the southern extremity

of Florida and what is now Virginia" ran smoothly, their priestly leaders teaching aspiring natives Christianity, husbandry and good government. This splendid expansion took place during the lifetime of Don Juan, largely with his help, thanks to the efficacious intercession from above of America's timely martyrs.



Spoken in 1872

Christianity will be a failure as soon as the voice of the Catholic Church is hushed. It will be a failure as soon as some king or emperor or statesman, successful in war and in council, is able to bend the Catholic Church, and make her teach according to his notions or his views. Where in her history has she ever bowed to king or potentate? Where has she ever shaped her doctrines to meet the views of this man and further the designs of this other man because they were able to persecute her as they are persecuting her today? The most powerful man in the world says to the Catholic Church, "You must remodel your teachings; you must alter some of your dogmas and some of your first principles; you must admit that the state has a right to educate the children; that you have no right. You must admit that religion is not a necessary element of education. I will make you do it." Thus speaks von Bismark. He imagines that because he has put his foot upon the neck of the bravest and most heroic race upon earth, that now he can trample on the Church of God.

He says to the Church, "I will make a decree and I will expel every Jesuit in Germany; I will persecute your bishops; I will take your churches; I will alienate your people; I will imprison your priests; I will put them to death if necessary." But the Church of God stands calmly before him and says, "You can do all this, but you cannot make me change my teaching. I am the messenger and the voice of God, and God is Truth."

Father Tom Burke

Arturo Godoy

By PAT ROBINSON

After 15 rounds he went dancing

Condensed from an *I. N. S.* article*

Holding hands with his bride of ten months (and there will be three in the Godoy menage pretty soon), Arturo recalled his early days in the little village of Iquique, Chile.

"Things weren't so easy for me when I was a boy. My father was a fisherman. All Aruacano Indians are strong because we've always had to wrest a living from the sea and because we live mostly on fish. I don't think I ever tasted meat until I had to enlist in the army.

"My father had 11 children to feed, five of us boys and six sisters. He died when I was only eight and so I had very little schooling, because I had to go to work.

"I used to fish from four in the morning until late at night. The salt air and the hard work made me tougher than the sharks that swim in those waters. That is why neither Joe Louis nor anybody else has ever put me on the floor.

"I always could swim like a fish and I once won the 100-yard dash championship of Chile. I learned to play soccer in the army and it was in the army I had my first fight.

"Somehow I used to get into a lot of fights with other soldiers. I was young and hot-headed and resented

everything. I used to win those fights, too. So one day my captain tells me I have to put on boxing gloves and enter the army tournament.

"Well, I won the tournament and became so interested in boxing that I decided to make it a business. I fought everywhere, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Lima, Havana, anywhere I could get a fight.

"All the time I put a little bit away for a rainy day and soon I was pretty wealthy. I built a big home for my mother and that's why I've been lucky. I believe if you don't forget your religion (Godoy's a devout Catholic) or your people, God will take care of you.

"Right now I am sending three sisters and two brothers through college, and my mother and they don't have to eat fish unless they want to.

"One of my brothers, Alberto, wants to be a fighter, too. He has had seven fights and won them all, six by knock-outs. Maybe he'll be champion one day if I'm not.

"Why not? My people have always fought. When not fighting other Indians or Spanish invaders in the olden times, they were fighting the sea to live. So my mother does not object. She wants only two things: to see me

**New York City. Feb. 12, 1940.*

win and to make sure I do not get hurt."

Arturo has set no limit on his time in the ring. He intends to keep on fighting until he wins the title. Then he wants to lead his own big band for his own amusement.

"I love music," he says, "almost as well as I love dancing. You know, my wife and I were the tango champions of South America. We won seven cups in Buenos Aires alone and I've had

all kinds of offers to dance professionally.

"Know what I did after I fought Louis Friday night? I got my wife and we stepped out dancing, doing the Big Apple. Dancing and fighting are lots of fun.

"I love to sing, too. I sing all the time but not very good. Know what my favorite song is now? *Somebody's Coming to Our House*. And I certainly hope it's a boy."



The Lesson

Though we are in this world to win Heaven, it is not forbidden us to improve ourselves in order to meet the requirements of social and business life. As Catholics we should strive, in our daily contacts with others, to win respect for the Church because of our edifying lives and our knowledge of the faith. That knowledge, by itself, will not lead many to Christ unless we act upon it.

Charles J. Mullaly, S.J. in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (Feb. '40).



The Example

Madison Square Garden in New York City was packed with thousands of boxing enthusiasts one Thursday night. After 15 strenuous rounds, Lou Ambers was declared lightweight boxing champion of the world. The young man was weary after the contest, and his admiring friends led him in triumph to an expensive restaurant.

"What will you take, Champ?"

How satisfying that title must have been to this Italian boy! What would he take? He looked at his watch. It was one minute past midnight. He quietly shook his head.

"I will not take anything. It is the first Friday and I'm going to Holy Communion this morning."

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Feb. '40).

Catholicism and the Modern Novel

By S. J. GOSLING

Men alive write, too

Condensed from the *Dublin Review**

The spirit of the modern age and, therefore, the motif of the modern novel is the spirit of revolt. Of course, there is a sense in which every age is in revolt against its immediate predecessor. That kind of revolt is a perfectly natural phenomenon of growth. But the spirit of revolt that characterizes modern literature is a revolt not only against the conventions of the previous age, but also against the principles of morality that have been held by generations.

I was born into the scientific age, when the populace was being fed on the half-baked science of Huxley and Darwin, and was getting bad attacks of indigestion as a consequence. The Darwinian hypotheses were swallowed all the more readily because they were washed down with huge draughts of applied science. Mechanics, physics and chemistry were producing daily wonders which were undoubted facts; the steam engine, the telephone and the motor car, the aeroplane and wireless telephony worked all right before our astonished gaze; they were the miracles to which the apostles of mechanism pointed to prove the truth of their new gospel. If radiography were true, as it demonstrably was, why not the origin of species? Both were

vouched for convincingly by science.

Another 30 years passed, and it began to be whispered that the scientific theories were not so certain as we had been led to believe. And about the same time it began to dawn on us that, even if they had been proved true, they would not have taken us very far. It was all very well to map out the universe and trace the descent of man from an amoeba to a prime minister, but it still left a lot of things to be explained. It was rather like having one of those family trees stretching back to the Norman conquest, very comforting to a certain type of mind, but singularly useless when it came to providing food, clothes and shelter for our present needs. The scientists were asked to explain the origin and meaning of life, and they had no answer. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who has an answer for every question, began to talk about the *élan vital*, but nobody knew what he meant. Besides, when you are up against a blank wall it is one thing to chalk a French phrase on it and run away; it is quite another thing to tell what is on the other side of the wall.

Then the war came, and I do think it had a very definite effect on the spirit of the succeeding age. People

*43-45 Newgate St., London, E.C.1, England. January, 1940.

were beginning to ask intelligent questions. If there had been no war, those questions might have been answered in an intelligent manner. But suddenly no one had time to answer questions; everyone was otherwise engaged. So the people, the half-educated, wholly untrained, misled and ignorant people, began to answer their own questions. We can imagine what would happen if teachers withdrew from their classes and left their children to answer their own questions.

The scientists had let them down. Even the very things that they had boasted about and prided themselves on, even these were impressed into the business of killing and maiming, destroying the very civilization which they were supposed to adorn and perfect. Our ancestors, the scientists said, came out of the jungle. Civilized man with his home, his family, his books and pictures, his music and sports, does not mind being told that. But he does mind being told that he is to get back into the jungle and behave like a beast of prey. During the war religion was unable to make itself heard. Religion spoke of an almighty and all-loving Father. Faced with the horrors of universal destruction and the unwilling sacrifice of (as the phrase was) innocent victims, these poor distracted children could not reconcile these divine attributes; if all-loving, then not almighty; if almighty how could He be said to be all-loving,

when His creatures were suffering such agonies.

That paradox has no terrors for us. But it had for them. Let us not be too hard upon them. They had been told over and over again that religion was played out, dope for the masses. It had served, possibly, a useful purpose in the course of man's struggle from the night of the jungle to the day of civilization, but now its usefulness had ceased. Man had reached the light; henceforth science was his guide, and science had turned and torn him limb from limb, *literally*.

With such a background, with such an education, with such premises, what are man's answers to the questions that rise unsummoned to his mind and shake his soul to its very depths?

That is the problem of the modern novel.

How shall we deal with this literature of revolt? The war, as we have seen, provided the occasion for it, but that is by no means the whole story. The old novels of Thackeray, Scott and Dickens marched on reason which we all accepted, and by reason could be criticized, approved or condemned. The modern novel does not. There has been a revolt even against reason itself, due to various causes:

(1) The Bergsonian emphasis on instinct and intuition.

(2) The Marxist theory that reason is not free but is governed by economic conditions.

(3) The psychoanalyst's plunge into the depths of the subconscious where everything is motived by irrational and irresponsible forces.

(4) The fascist appeal to the uniform stream of thought where one is face to face "with masses and magnitudes unknown to sober reason."

(5) The Nazi appeal to the blood stream where one feels truth in one's arteries, in much the same way as

(6) D. H. Lawrence related his judgments, not to his head, not even to his heart, but to his abdominal reactions.

It should not be necessary to spend much time explaining our attitude towards the disintegrating ideas that novelists are propagating. If we would make headway against them we must take our stand with the historic defenders of Catholic philosophy, the scholastics, who put the defense of reason, strengthened, guided, and supported by revelation, at the very center of their teaching. To fight the revolt against reason we must champion, unequivocally, the cause of human reason. This does not mean a surrender to rationalism. Rationalism bears the same relation to reason that liberalism bears to liberty, for just as liberalism degenerates into license, so does rationalism degenerate into spiritual pride and disbelief. The upholder of true liberty, on the other hand, recognizes that if it is to survive and function properly, it must in its own inter-

ests be restricted and disciplined; otherwise what is liberty for one person becomes a tyranny for his neighbor. So with our individual reason. It must be checked, tested, compared, criticized. That is the true business of philosophy.

In English classes of our schools I should like to hear of lectures being given on selected modern novels, comparable in some respects with those painstaking, critical, microscopically analytic and magisterial judgments that are delivered on the works of dead authors who can no longer answer back. I have often been struck by the curious difference in our treatment of the quick and dead. Any school boy will give you a list of the literary defects of Shakespeare, a catalogue of his errors of fact, be supercilious concerning the extreme tenuity of his so-called humor, point out to you whole passages where his genius has evidently deserted him.

Now compare this cavalier treatment with the chastened and awe-struck manner of our approach to the writings of, say, George Bernard Shaw. He tramples upon our most sacred beliefs, kicks over our saints and heroes, derides our institutions, sneers at our virtues, cracks his jokes even in our sanctuaries; and our reply to this contemptuous treatment is to go through his works with a fine-tooth comb until we happen upon some passing, trivial acknowledgment that in some minor matter of debate we

may, by accident, have been right or, more probably, less wrong than our opponents. Will anyone say that this comparison is exaggerated? We sit in our chairs of English literature and deal out impartial justice to the greatest writer the world has ever known, correct his theology, revise his philosophy, mark down his mistakes of fact, draw a blue pencil through his bawdy talk; yet when a modern novelist tries to imitate him we sit in pained and silent protest. Wherefore the difference? Our theology is the same, our philosophy is the same, our literary and moral standards are the same. Why do we not apply them as thoroughly and as conscientiously against the living as against the dead?

In my young days Wells and Arnold Bennett were at the height of their fame; they were the popular novelists of that day, and I still think that as storytellers, the proper business of novelists, they are not surpassed by the moderns. We read them, even if they were not in our school libraries, and our masters knew that we read them, and we knew that *they* read them, but in class not a word was ever breathed about them, no criticism, no appraisal. I wonder whether in modern schools the same silence is observed towards modern novelists.

I am quite sure that this is a very important matter because, looking back to those far-off days, I am convinced that there was created in our minds

the belief that our masters had not got a sufficient answer to the revolutionary ideas, the anti-religious rationalism and the loose morality that were preached so entertainingly in these novels. As a consequence, we youngsters formed a most exaggerated notion of the importance both of these authors and of their works. Could you blame us? The men who daily for our benefit analyzed and dissected, measured and criticized the classics of our own and other literatures, were dumb in the presence of these storytellers whose books were being read and discussed by everybody, our masters included. I wonder whether a similar state of things obtains now. If it does you may be sure that the young men and maidens of today think that D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce, Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster, Hemingway and Dos Passos, the Americans and the Russians are at the very peak of human experience and expression, a peak towards which the great classical writers of the past had made but a floundering and hesitating approach. And shall we blame them for so thinking? Ought we not rather to blame ourselves that we have not given them the benefits of our critical judgments?

But within the short space of a generation the novel has changed; or rather, the hero has. He no longer *does* anything; he merely suffers. From the moment we are introduced to him, very frequently in the cradle (by some

of the more obstetric novelists, even earlier) he is the victim of obsessions, complexes, heredity, economic conditions, intuitions and inhibitions, and other blind forces. In the more readable novels he has adventures; but these adventures always happen to him; never does he take charge of his own life; never is he master of his own soul. In the (for me, at least) less readable novels he has no adventures. In these the hero "stays put," while all kinds of emotions, cosmic, Freudian, some deriving from hidden memories of prehistoric devil worship, some stretching forward to a Fabian Utopia, sweep over and batter his unresisting soul as the waves sweep over and batter a deserted hulk.

The attack is directed against the liberty and integrity of the human soul. The anti-Catholic forces of the past strove to make a breach between God and man by attacking, as Newman said, ecclesiastical authority and preaching skepticism. The anti-Catholic forces of the present have the same objective but the direction of their attack is changed. If these forces can convince men that they are *not* free and intelligent beings, that they are not "in the hands of their counsel," and that therefore they have no responsibility to God for their actions, they have destroyed the link between God and Man (which is the essence of religion) as effectively as if they had destroyed the idea of God. Of old

it was written, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." In our own day fools are saying, "There is no man."

That, then, is what we have to defend: man's liberty. The scholastics called it man's reason and one can see why, for in the last analysis true liberty is only the right exercise of reason. Not only in literature, but in other activities of life, as we should expect, the attack is being pressed; in politics, where the totalitarian state by means of the skillful use of mass psychology is creating a national conscience which neither originated in nor is guided by the free use of the reasoning powers of the individuals composing the nation; in art, where futurism has abandoned reason and refuses to be judged by its standards.

Do not misunderstand me! There may well be something very wrong with orthodox or popular art. If so, we are prepared to listen to the strictures of the futurist or any other critic; but he must talk the language of reason, for how otherwise are we to understand him? If thoughts and ideas cannot be expressed in words we have, indeed, gone back to the jungle. We must refuse to plunge into these dark depths at the bidding of those who deny man's reason. It is the same with politics. Democracy may be in many of its acts irrational and illiberal; let us use our reason and our liberty to reform these abuses, but do not let

us imagine that we can preserve reason and liberty by first destroying them.

And so we must judge literature and the modern novel. If the novelist has anything to say, let him say it as boldly and fearlessly as he knows how. But he must bring his criticism, his opinions, his charges, to judgment at the bar of reason and we, as reasonable beings, must deliver our verdict boldly and fearlessly.

Has it ever occurred to the philosophers who deny the existence of reason and liberty how they can predicate anything about what, on their own showing, is non-existent and of which, therefore, they can have no possible experience? What actually happens, of course, is that these gentlemen credit themselves with the possession of reason and the freedom to follow its deductions, and then by means of it they prove to their own satisfaction that it does not exist. It is rather like the man sawing off the limb on which he sits. Mr. Leonard Woolf once gave it as his considered opinion that the universe is "cold, meaningless, and unintelligent." Did Mr. Woolf forget that he himself is part of the universe, a small part maybe, but not cold, nor meaningless, nor unintelligent? And if he were unintelligent, what value should we attach to his testimony that intelligence did not exist elsewhere? Or, if he is without meaning, how can he know what is significant?

We have then to assert boldly and

fearlessly the existence of reason and uphold the rights of human liberty. We Catholics have been afraid of literature. Let me conclude by quoting the first page of Francis Thompson's *Essay on Shelley*:

"The Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil; she has retained the palm but foregone the laurel. Poetry in its widest sense, and when not professedly irreligious, has been too much and too long either misprized or distrusted; too much and too generally the feeling has been that it is at best superfluous, at worst pernicious, most often dangerous. Once poetry was, as she should be, the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; the minister to the mind, as the Church to the soul. But poetry sinned; poetry fell; and in place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the feet of her pagan seducer. The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion. Fathers of the Church (we would say), pastors of the Church, pious laics of the Church; you are taking from its walls the panoply of Aquinas; take also from its walls the psalter of Alighieri."

The First Pope

By AUGUSTA L. FRANCIS

Over Nero's dust

Condensed from the *Catholic Fireside**

St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, first bishop of Rome, and first pope, was born in Bethsaida of Galilee and left his trade of fisherman to become a disciple of St. John the Baptist at whose bidding he followed his divine Master from the beginning of His ministry. Because of his faith, his enthusiasm and great love, our Lord showered favors on him, gave him the name of Peter, appointed him chief of the apostolic band, and head of the Church.

He was privileged to be present at the raising of Jairus' daughter, the transfiguration, and the agony in the garden. After the resurrection, lest Peter's denial of our Lord should have made him lose prestige, Jesus renewed his commission as chief pastor of the flock.

By virtue of this divine commission Peter repeatedly acted as spokesman and head of the Church. Numbers of miraculous occurrences took place during his preaching in Jerusalem, Jaffa and Antioch. One of the most dramatic of these was his deliverance by an angel from prison in Jerusalem.

The Roman governor, Agrippa, caused him to be imprisoned, and not only bound with chains, but also to be chained to two guards while the other two watched the doors. In an-

swer to the "prayers of the Church" an angel appeared who freed him from his chains and led him through the city to a place of safety.

The chains with which Peter was bound are preserved in Rome at the church known as "St. Peter in Chains." They were brought from Jerusalem by the pious Empress Eudoxia.

After his deliverance Peter went to Antioch, which was his first See. From Antioch he went to Rome, where he reigned as the first pope. Up to the time St. Peter left Antioch the New Testament, the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles and two Epistles describe his career. Although the Scriptures do not speak of his stay in Rome, the events of his life which occurred there are abundantly proved by tradition, and by evidences found in the catacombs and in the ancient churches of the city.

According to St. Jerome, St. Peter arrived in Rome in the year 42. As he was put to death in the year 67, these 25 years of his pontificate in Rome went down to posterity as an exceptionally long period, and a saying was current among the faithful that no pontiff would ever "see the years of Peter." And indeed, no pope ever did equal St. Peter's pontificate in

*27 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England. Jan. 12, 1940.

length of years until Pope Pius IX (1846-1878) exceeded it, and immediately afterwards Leo XIII (1878-1903) did the same. It was for this reason that, directly above the statue of St. Peter in the Vatican Basilica, the canons erected a mosaic portrait of Pius IX, with an inscription commemorating the fact that he had actually exceeded the "years of Peter."

It is believed that St. Peter preached first among the dwellers in the thickly populated region across the Tiber, where many Jews gathered, and which today still preserves a unique character of its own.

Anti-Jewish feeling, however, soon drove the apostle to take refuge on the Aventine Hill with his converts Aquila and Priscilla, with whom he resided for some time. The place of their residence, so tradition tells us, is occupied today by the old church of St. Prisca (or Priscilla) and certainly there are the remains of a Roman house beneath *Santa Prisca* to this day.

Through Aquila and Prisca, St. Peter most probably met the rich and pious Senator Pudens, grandfather of Sts. Pudentiana and Praxedes. Pudens placed his house at the disposal of the apostle for gatherings of Christians for Mass and instructions as well as for friendly meetings. By degrees the house was completely changed into a Christian oratory. So closely was it connected with St. Peter's apostolate that it was known through the centuries as

Titulus Pastoris, or "the Shepherd's Church," referring to St. Peter as "shepherd and teacher of all the faithful."

Among the countless places in the Eternal City associated with the apostle, another important one is the Catacomb of Priscilla (so named from the wife of Pudens in whose country estate it was hollowed out), because there he preached, baptized and ordained. The fountain which flowed in the catacomb of Priscilla gave its name to the place, which was called the "cemetery of the waters where Peter baptized." In this old catacomb was also preserved St. Peter's chair, which was the first episcopal throne of the fisherman. It was a senatorial round-backed chair of cedar-wood, later inlaid with ivory panels. It now occupies a place of honor in St. Peter's Basilica, over the altar in the apse, and the altar itself is known as "the altar of the chair." It is encased in a richly carved covering of precious wood, which is opened only once in 100 years. The next time that this event will occur will be in 1970. Possibly some of our readers may be present at it.

It is generally believed that St. Mark wrote his Gospel from matter collected from the preaching of St. Peter, and probably did so in Rome, where he could appeal to him for help and advice.

Towards the end of St. Peter's pontificate the great fire took place during

which Rome was almost completely destroyed, and the blame being laid on the Christians, by the infamous Emperor Nero, a terrible persecution broke out in the course of which St. Peter and St. Paul were arrested and put to death. St. Peter was crucified with his head downward and St. Paul was beheaded. Before their martyrdom they were thrown into the terrible Mamertine prison.

So the Prince of the Apostles died for his Master on a cross, in the circus

of Nero in the year 67 of our era. He was crucified at the foot of an obelisk which marked the center of Nero's race course. That obelisk today stands in front of the great basilica built over his tomb, a triumphant memorial to victory over the powers of evil. On the base are written the words "Flee ye enemies, the lion of the tribe of Juda has conquered." It is a fitting inscription for it commemorates the triumph of the Church, founded on Peter the fisherman, who lies buried close by.



Influence

Our Lord once gave St. Peter a list of people who were not to be admitted to heaven. Later on He saw them all walking around inside. He went to St. Peter and said, "Peter, I told you these people were not to be allowed into heaven. Why were My orders not obeyed?"

St. Peter replied, "Lord, I did what you ordered. I locked my door securely against them all, but Your Mother opened a window and let them all come in."

V. M. Inglecum in the *Universe* (5 Jan. '40).



Patience

The patience of St. Francis de Sales was ever a matter of surprise to his friends. They could not understand how he could spend long hours in the parlor talking with what seemed to be tramps and outcasts who should have been disposed of with one word and sent on their way. Particularly one bishop found this patience altogether too much for him to bear. He was a person given to complaining anyway.

One day when his complaints were particularly loud, Francis said to him, "Do you know, brother, there is somewhere in the world a person whom you have made very happy? Guess who it is." The bishop guessed several people, wrongly. "Well, who is it then?" he asked.

"Why, it is the lady who would have been your wife had you remained in the world and married."

The Liguorian (Nov. '39).

"And That Costs Nothing"

Never too old to learn

By DORAN HURLEY

Condensed from *Liturgical Arts**

The Old Parish convent is very progressive. The Reverend Mother Theresa is right up to the minute in everything. She was Dan Pat Ryan's eldest girl; and she takes right after the father, who stands away up in the building trade.

Reverend Mother is death on jim-crackery of all kinds. The very first thing she did when she got around to the renovating of the convent interior was to take down all the violent chromos that under the sacrosanct name of "holy pictures" had been distributed through the convent parlors.

The chapel was a room of dignified and simple beauty. It was an enclosed room, paneled to the ceiling in dark oak and curiously free of the vagaries that architectural fancy in the 70's had esteemed as ornamentation.

The altar, however, was an architectural monstrosity. That came from the old church, but it had not been chosen by the pastor. Rather, it had been one of those viciously ornate gifts "In Memory of the Late Mr. and Mrs. X" sent from a factory sight unseen, and costing such a power of money that no man in his senses could ever have turned it down, even if just for the sake of the money that had been spent on it.

It was wood that had been conscientiously painted, and grained, and painted again, into the semblance of a marble that, truth to tell, looked nothing more nor less than painted wood. If the designer (there must have been design somewhere behind it all) had stuck to his own idea of plain white marble, it might not so much have mattered. He was evidently, however, a man of scope; the altar, in parts, combined in its painting not only white but pinkish and yellow marble, and the green of the Connemara hills.

It was not that the painter had not a magnificent example already before him when he started to paint. Even the altar proper dripped with tracery, and the *Agnus Dei* on its front elevation looked like nothing so much as a pygmy elephant carrying one of those flaring banners that it takes three men to hold in a St. Patrick's day parade. Above the *mensa* the altar retreated in an ascending series of stepping-stone clefts, or shelves, that must have gone into the scores before they reached the two kneeling angels on each side that carried great torcheliers. And up and behind the angels rose a mountainside of twisted peaks and scrolls, each with its own shelf where a cut-glass vase of flowers could be handily put, if

*300 Madison Ave., New York City. January, 1940.

anyone had the energy to climb so high.

That altar was Reverend Mother's *bête noir*. She told Mrs. Patrick Crowley that every time she entered the chapel when the Blessed Sacrament was not exposed she would take a look at it and groan, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

But the altar remained in place long after the rest of the chapel was a room of quiet, shining beauty. Reverend Mother could not rid herself of its ugliness, although she privately called it "the whited sepulcher" and "an abomination in the eyes of the Lord."

It was not because of the memory of the dear departed Mr. and Mrs. X. A tablet in the vestibule of the church took care of that. No, it was because of old Mother Mechtilde, the sacristan.

Mother Mechtilde was the first superior of the convent. Indeed, she dated back to the time when Father Sullivan first brought Sisters to our city. Of course, no one can ever tell how old a nun is. No matter how long since their profession they always manage to look not a day over 45, even if they were Angels of the Battlefield in the Civil War. But popular opinion in the Old Parish was that Mother Mechtilde was 100 if she was a day.

And Mother Mechtilde loved that altar. It represented to her all that was sublime in ecclesiastical art. Her own memory went back to the time when Mass had to be said on a table in her

father's house, when churches were few and scattered. And somehow she had taken it into her head that that altar was a direct copy of one on which the pope said his morning Mass.

She would have desired above all things to have had fresh flowers for the altar daily, and she usually did manage to have them on the lower shelves. A wholesale florist could not have equipped the whole altar, but Mother Mechtilde insisted that every cleft have its vase, and every vase its bouquet. So, long years ago, she had taught herself to make *crêpe* and tissue paper roses and lilies for the higher brackets; and she still kept on, although her fingers had long since lost their cunning and the flowers she wrought were night-marish. So was her odd assortment of vases and candleholders, garnered painfully through the years.

"But Heaven knows," said Reverend Mother to Mrs. Crowley, "she's nearer to St. Peter than I am, and I cannot make the last years or months of her life desolate by taking away from her the last little service she feels she can do for our Lord."

It was a problem even for the indomitable Mrs. Crowley, who has in the progression of time become a strict liturgist, and who expects other people to conform to her views always. She pondered the matter long.

Mother Mechtilde's golden jubilee in the Order gave Mrs. Crowley a possible chance that her shrewd old mind

seized upon avidly. She blandly presented Mother Mechtilde for the convent altar six chastely designed tall candlesticks. They were superbly wrought by a master craftsman but, of course, they were by no means of solid gold, as Mother Mechtilde persisted in thinking despite all that was said to her to the contrary. Nor did they cost the "pretty penny" that everyone else in the Old Parish fancied; for, as Mrs. Crowley persistently explained, cheapness in taste did not necessarily mean cheapness in price, or vice versa.

However, even Mother Mechtilde had to admit that they did *not* look well on that altar. She gloried in them, and never more than on the day of her jubilee Mass when the old bishop admired them. She felt that they would ever be a memorial to her; but the more she looked at them the less she felt that their richness stood out, that they were attracting the attention they should.

She had Sister Felicita, after long study, remove the vases and bouquets from the upper brackets of the altar, and was forced to admit that that helped. But fretwork and scrollwork and pinnacles still made a confusing background for the glory of the candlesticks and their tall white tapers.

She finally appealed to Mrs. Crowley. "Pooh, the top's old-fashioned," said that doughty liturgist, taking her courage in both hands, "I had a bureau like that at home. I merely sawed the top

off, and now I have as modern a chest of drawers as ever you'd see. What holiness has the top? It's the altar table that matters. You should see the very plain but elegant altar the Madames have at the Sacred Heart. It's very liturgical."

It took Mother Mechtilde nearly a week, but her pride in the candlesticks, and maybe the mention of the Sacred Heart Madames, did the trick. Dan Pat Ryan sawed off the mountain of fretwork the next free day he had; and it was by no accident that Mrs. Crowley was on hand to drape the hideously painted altar, with its bloatedly sculptured *Agnus Dei*, with a frontal whose distinction was its simplicity.

And when Reverend Mother brought from the convent treasure chest, where it had been reposing in long dignity for all of 24 hours, a great, wide panel of dark blue brocade for a dossal, Mother Mechtilde was entranced.

Mrs. Crowley had to admit over and over to her that the altar now looked every bit as beautiful, and as liturgical, as that in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Madames, which everyone knew had been a gift from the wealthy father of a pupil.

"What's money?" Old Mechtilde tossed her coifed head, as Reverend Mother and Mrs. Crowley grinned at each other. "In God's House all you have to do is follow the laws of the Church, and the liturgy. And that costs nothing."

Fighting an Ancient Scourge

By ELMA ROOD

Lepers in the U. S.

Condensed from *Hospital Progress**

On the east bank of the Mississippi River, in a small Louisiana community several miles off the main highway, is located the only hospital in the U. S. devoted exclusively to the care of leprosy and to research into its methods of spread.

In 1894 the state of Louisiana established this as a state leprosarium, confiding its administration as well as the entire care of the patients to the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. In 1921 the Federal Government purchased the institution from the state, retaining the services of the Sisters as nurses, dietitians, pharmacists, and technicians.

Later, as the U. S. Public Health Service realized that the disease might spread and become a public menace, a hospital was established at Carville, and an old plantation home was made into an administration building. Other houses were constructed as needed for the care of the patients who began to arrive for treatment. The Public Health Service continues to retain the Sisters of Charity.

The grounds of the leprosarium are beautiful, with immense spreading, moss-festooned trees, flower gardens, and walks. The white-pillared main building contains offices, kitchen, and dining rooms for the staff members,

while the second floor constitutes the living quarters for the Sisters. This administration building is entirely separate in every way from the quarters used by the patients.

The resident doctors who have families live in attractive dwellings, set amidst green lawns and flower beds. The children from these homes are transported daily by bus, to and from a neighborhood school.

For the housing of the patients, there are 35 cottages, each containing 12 single homelike rooms. These cottages are connected with screened porches about three miles long, so the patients will have a place to walk, ride bicycles, and exercise in every kind of weather.

In addition, there are hospital rooms for the severely ill, clinic, treatment and dental rooms, quarters for mental patients, a surgery, and a laboratory in which experiments and clinical studies are constantly carried on.

The kitchen, mess hall, sitting rooms and libraries are all well and comfortably equipped to take care of the daily needs of the patients, and to provide also for social and recreational activities and occupations. Special programs and festivities are holiday features, and concerts are often given by visiting artists. Two attractive chapels, Protes-

*1402 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. January, 1940.

tant and Catholic, are open for regular services. There are also conference rooms for classes, study groups, and other gatherings.

Patients' relatives are allowed to visit them, but are required to live outside the hospital grounds. Patients receive mail from their friends, and may write in return, all outgoing mail being sterilized in the interest of public safety.

Access to the leprosarium grounds is by special permit, and every precaution is taken to safeguard the patients against idle curiosity seekers. There are at present 234 men and 97 women under care, and several child patients, who attend a small school conducted in one of the cottages. While native-born Americans predominate among the patients, other nationalities and races are represented. All of these are, however, naturalized citizens. Patients come from many different localities, east, west, north, and south. But by far the greatest number are from the region of the Gulf Coast.

How do these patients come here in the first place? Usually a report comes from some doctor or health officer to the effect that a person in his locality is suspected of having leprosy. A medical officer from the leprosarium staff is sent at once to investigate. Examinations and careful tests are given to establish a diagnosis. Then, if tests are positive, and the patient does not have a satisfactory means of isolation, he is brought at once to Carville in a pri-

vate compartment of a railroad car.

Most patients naturally look forward to the time when their disease will be arrested and they may return home. However, to be allowed to go back to his people, the patient must have 12 consecutive, monthly, negative reactions to tests which are given to determine whether the organism causing the disease is still present and active. If he succeeds in securing this required number over a period of one year, he is pronounced an arrested case and is allowed to return home. He is, however, kept constantly under medical supervision, as is also his family, to make sure that the disease does not again become active or that members of his family do not also contract leprosy.

Leprosy has generally been considered a disease of the tropics but, as a matter of fact, it has been found fairly frequent in the cold countries, even as far north as the Arctic Zone. It is, however, known to be much more prevalent in warmer climates, especially where standards of general sanitation are low. Probably an estimate of 1,200 would include all the lepers now diagnosed as such in the U. S., while the number in southern China and India is believed to be between 2 and 3 million.

Because this disease seems to occur most often in coast towns and along waterways, it has sometimes been thought that the eating of fish foods might possibly have something to do

with its spread. On the other hand, some scientists believe that there may be concerned in its transmission some intermediary host in the form of an insect or animal. Neither of these theories, however, has as yet been proved.

The organism that causes leprosy is called *bacillus leprae*, and is a germ which resembles closely the tubercle bacillus. This germ is subject to the same laboratory stain as is used to color the tuberculosis organism. The *bacillus leprae* was definitely recognized in 1871, but up to the present, in spite of much investigation, its method of transmission is still unknown.

The bacillus of leprosy affects people in many different ways. It may attack the skin, the nerves, or the bones. It may attack any part of the body, internal or external, and in certain of its forms because of ulceration, wasting, and sloughing, the disease is exceedingly disfiguring. There are two general types of leprosy, anesthetic and tubercular; the former is characterized by large anesthetic areas in which all sensitiveness to touch, heat, and pain are lost.

In the treatment of this disease, fresh air, a wholesome diet, and a pleasant, peaceful, and comfortable environment are regarded as essentials. In this respect one cannot help but be impressed in visiting the institution, with the kindly informal atmosphere and the cordial relationships between patients

and the nursing and medical staff. The general impression gained is one far removed from routine regimentation; rather, the spirit is that of a home, sometimes a long-time home, for people who need a special kind of care, and for this reason are gathered together as they might be in any other hospital.

Medication has a very important place in the treatment of leprosy. Chaulmoogra oil, a vegetable product, is the chief remedial agent. It is given by mouth in doses varying from three to 50 drops three times a day, depending upon the tolerance of the patient. Thinned with olive oil, it is also given intermuscularly, and combined with cold cream, an ointment is made for local application. To date no safe form of intravenous injection has been discovered.

Various kinds of occupations have been found helpful, not only because of their value in exercising certain parts of the body and thus preventing crippling, but because they keep the patient happily occupied. Weaving, reading, sewing, listening to the radio or piano, raising vegetables and flowers, playing ball, golfing and bicycling are favorite occupations. Practically every able-bodied patient, if an American citizen, is on the Government pay roll. They are employed to do ordinary orderly work and light cleaning around the houses and grounds. For this they are paid from \$15 to \$40 a

month, depending upon physical condition and native intelligence.

In general, the prospects for recovery for any considerable number of patients are not very promising. Out of 15 cases declared to be arrested last year, a number have already returned for renewed treatment. The outlook for recovery in children is especially unfavorable. In rare isolated cases of any age, the progress of the disease may suddenly cease, for no apparent reason. In the vast majority of cases, the disease goes on progressing slowly or rapidly, over a varying period of years.

The Carville institution is fundamentally a research center. Very careful records are kept of each case, and these records include the most minute details of medical and nursing care, treatment, and progress. When fever or malaria therapy or other experimental measures are employed, results are watched very closely and every symptom is recorded.

Research is now concentrating chiefly upon finding improved methods of treatment, upon ways through which the leprosy bacillus is transmitted, and upon the effect of this disease upon animals. Every physician resident at the leprosarium engages in research. Although the medical officers are eligible for transfer after four years of service, most of them become so interested in the work that they prefer to remain, some having stayed as long as 14 years.

It is anticipated that when a sufficient number of records have been accumulated for study, and when scientists have gone still further into the unknown factors in this disease, the U. S. Public Health Service may some day be able to find a way to eliminate leprosy from the list of communicable diseases in this country. If it is finally stamped out, the considerable expense which the government assumes for the care of the sufferers will have been amply repaid.



Saints and Sunshine

The lives of all the saints point out one incontrovertible fact: that holiness and happiness are in no way incompatible. Where we find one, inevitably we will find the other. All that glorious group, the early Christians, Francis, Dominic, the Poor Clares, Damian, were as happy as the day is long.

A saint is not one who goes around with a long face and cast-down eyelids. Why, a saint might even be a tennis player, a basketball star, a debutante or (God help us!) a jitterbug! But no matter what she may be, one thing I can be certain of: a saint will be happy.

The Torch (Feb. '40).

Do They Want To Know?

By DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

All this, and Heaven, too?

Condensed from the *Queens Work**

Night had fallen over the U. S., and practically everybody was asleep. The chief accountant angel in God's bookkeeping department reached for the ledger marked U. S. A., pulled a fresh quill out of his wing, thrust a solid gold point into it, and nodded to the first of the guardian angels who had just arrived from earth.

Rapidly he took the slips from the guardian angels who came flying up from earth with the daily reports on their charges. Most of the reports were stereotyped enough: work done more or less well, a bit of laughter and a few bars of song, the human frailties that make men petty and earth dreary, sins and shortcomings, sudden heroisms, great acts of virtue, small acts of selfishness.

Finally the accounting department was fairly well cleared out, and the chief accountant angel sat back with a sigh. But he paused, for over in a huddle, their heads so close together that their halos overlapped, were a group of guardian angels.

"Come, come!" cried the chief accountant, a little put out because he'd thrown away his quill and had to pull a fresh one out of his wing. "I'm closing the ledger for the U. S. A."

The guardian angels came out of the

huddle and walked slowly across the floor. But they did not proffer their slips, and they had set their angelic jaws in firm, almost stubborn lines. The accountant sighed again. He knew he was in for an argument. The guardian angels always looked like that when they meant to fight for their human charges, to try to build up a case when all the evidence was against them. He eyed the reluctant angels sympathetically.

"Well?" he demanded. "Your slips are late already."

The tallest guardian angel, whose charge on earth was a famous writer, brilliant and cynical and devastating, cleared his throat.

"You see," he began, "we have all talked it over, and we feel that we are in just about the same fix. The reports of our human charges look pretty awful. But"—and he lifted a finger in quick punctuation—"cold figures don't tell the complete story. We want to state our case."

"Slips first," said the angel accountant. "But I'll make no entries in the ledger till you've given your explanation."

The guardian angels looked at each other for reassurance. They all nodded in agreement and handed in their slips.

*3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. February, 1940.

"Hm-m-m," mused the accountant, as he looked over the slips. "Very bad! Very bad indeed! Skipping the minor points, let me pick out the big items. I see here," he said, fingering the first slip, "that your charge has just written a book against the Church."

"Ah!" interrupted the writer's angel. "That's just the point. You see . . ."

"In a moment," cut in the accountant. "And yours (to the second g. a.) is practicing birth control, which . . ."

"Precisely, but when you hear my explanation . . ."

"Your charge, I see, has just joined a fashionable church."

"Well," protested the convert's angel, "only yesterday she was an agnostic, practically an atheist. Now she has taken a big step up, hasn't she? And besides . . ."

"And your charge today signed a deal that is going to make him a lot of money at the taxpayers' expense. He's going to sell the city second-rate material, steal from the treasury . . ."

"Oh," protested the politician's angel, "honest graft . . ."

The accountant angel silenced him with a look.

"I'll listen," he said, "but I don't see how you can change the figures. What's your plea?"

With one choral voice the guardian angels responded, "Ignorance!"

"Ignorance?" echoed the angelic accountant, in surprise.

"My writer," said the first guardian

angel, "really has done a very cruel book against the Church. He thinks it's a terrible institution. He was brought up to hate it. Oh I know that the book is full of lies and misstatements, but the poor fellow is so ignorant that he doesn't know any better. And (slightly wheedling) you can't condemn a man for what he doesn't know."

"That's just the case with my girl," said the second. "She is convinced that birth control is entirely justified. She's just ignorant and hence innocent."

The accountant angel looked at the next, waiting for his apology and explanation.

"I think my convert is really fine," the g. a. said. "She now has faith, imperfect and limited, but better than what she had as an agnostic. As for the true Church, she knows nothing about it. She thinks the Church is for the poor and ignorant, and so . . ."

"Down at the city hall," explained the politician's g. a., "everyone defends honest graft. Nobody thinks it wrong. My charge is merely doing what they all do. So if you'll let me have his ticket . . ."

The accountant angel gazed at them all with something like sorrow in his eyes.

"Ignorance," he said, very quietly, as if weighing the word on his tongue. They all glanced up hopefully and then dropped their eyes. He had made the word sound almost like an accusation.

"Yes," he went on, "I always tear up the slips of the ignorant." They lifted their heads expectantly. "But deliberate and culpable ignorance . . ."

He fingered the slips thoughtfully.

"That writer of yours," he said, turning towards the writer's guardian angel, "he . . ."

"Honestly what he knows about the Church is less than nothing; so when he writes . . ."

"He shows the most insufferable human conceit—writing on a subject about which he knows nothing. But why does he know nothing? Tell me that." He waited for an answer but got none. "You know it isn't as if the Church were some esoteric tribal religion in the heart of Africa. It's right there, all around him; churches, convents, schools, charitable institutions. Its literature is as close as the nearest library shelf. Its priests are anxious to explain their beliefs and practices. Ignorant? Yes, he's ignorant. But has he ever tried to learn? Has he read a book on the Church? Or talked to a single learned priest? Or visited a school? If he doesn't know, couldn't he at least try to find out?"

He turned toward the angel of the girl that was practicing birth control. Quickly he flipped back the pages of his ledger and paused with a forefinger marking her name.

"Ah," he said, "here is the slip you handed in some months ago. It reads this way: 'Today into the hands of my

charge fell a booklet on the Catholic attitude toward birth control. My charge read the introduction and then tossed the book aside. "Why," she reasoned, "should I upset myself? I'm convinced that I'm right in what I do."' That's what you recorded. Do you still plead her ignorance?"

The guardian angel of the Episcopalian convert decided to forestall the accountant. "But at least my charge went as far as her knowledge led her."

The accountant flipped the ledger again.

"Just a minute," he said. "I find here that your charge said, 'Perhaps the Catholic Church is right, but I shouldn't want to belong to a Church that is frequented by cooks and chauffeurs, nursemaids and the policeman on the beat.' I find that when she realized that agnosticism was stupid and atheism was mental suicide, she wanted to get out of her intellectual mess. But the thought of joining the unfashionable Catholic Church, a Church that was founded on fishermen and slaves and is still very fond of the poor, jarred her sensibilities. She wanted to know God's truth, but only enough of that truth to lead her into the fashionable church. When she got that far, she stopped asking, stopped looking, stopped listening, stopped reading. Ignorant? Very. But you tell me why."

The guardian angel of the politician decided that protest was a waste of time.

"Here's my charge's slip," he said. "I withdraw my defense. He ought to know better. He ought to know that not only is he robbing the people but he is endangering democracy and undermining his country's liberties. And in his heart, I'm afraid, he does know it. That's why he always says, 'The pulpit is not the place to talk politics.'"

Regretfully they all handed in their slips. With equal regret the angelic accountant entered them in the ledger.

"I'm sorry," he said. "They are ig-

norant, but not in the forgivable way. They are ignorant because they don't want to know. They love their ignorance. They stuff ignorance into their ears so that they won't hear the voice of our King. They bind ignorance over their eyes so they can say, 'I didn't see that it was wrong.' They want not to know. And I'm afraid that their record stands, exactly as they've written it."

He closed his ledger quietly and replaced it on the shelf.



Deportment Deportment

Under no circumstances may any priest ever break the seal of confession. Why then should you be so rash as to expose the matter of your own confessions, even though this is not forbidden? Many live to rue bitterly such confidences made to "chums."

When you call the rectory for a particular priest, ask for "Father Smith," not "the Reverend Smith" or "Reverend Smith."

When the rosary is being said, use your beads, not your fingers. Remember, a rosary that has been blessed is enriched with indulgences. Your fingertips are not.

Even your best friends resent being told over the phone to "Guess who this is." Of course, you wouldn't open a conversation with your pastor thus. But he, like any other person, deeply appreciates the courtesy of an immediate identification on the part of phone callers.

Consider the person behind you if for any reason you have to sit while the rest of the congregation is kneeling. From the necessity of keeping ears, hair, shoulder blades, feathers, hatpins and artificial fruit out of the face may be traced the origin of many of our habitual pew-squatters.

Why gang up on one priest at one end of the Communion railing? Especially when two or more priests are distributing the Hosts? Your cooperation means that the next Mass can be started on time.

[Readers are invited to report instances of bad deportment.—Ed.]

Poetry for Dinner

By MARY LANIGAN HEALY

She stands to type

Condensed from the *Writer's Monthly**

Our dinner has often been a poem. This is by no means a tribute to my culinary art. It refers to the fact that a published poem has often paid the price of a dinner for our family of seven.

It has often been stated that it is impossible for the average verse writer to earn a livelihood from the sale of his writings. To this I agree. But without completely supporting oneself from returns from verse one can nevertheless enjoy a nice profit. As the mother in a household of five children, I am eager to give credit to the dozens of published poems that have so valiantly helped to carry our economic burden.

Somehow or other there are certain persons who must write poetry. I am one of these. Be it good or bad, it must be written because of an inner urge to find such expression. So from over a course of several years I have a stack of composition books filled with poems; of those so scribbled, a very comforting number are now marked with an X, my symbol to indicate they have been accepted for publication.

Where do I peddle poems to fill my pantry? Once upon a time I sold one to *Coronet*, a few have been placed

with poetry journals or newspapers, but the vast majority have been taken by Catholic magazines. And, secret of secrets, fellow poetry salesmen; the poem that appeared in *Coronet* brought in not one cent more for its five lines than the usual amount I have received from the majority of religious publications.

About this time last year, I had to my credit a lapful of rejection slips. Then one morning I received an acceptance from *Ave Maria* by the morning mail and two from *America* by the afternoon delivery. Both of these magazines are top-ranking among the Catholic periodicals.

"Whee!" thought I. "I'm doing it! I'm making money from my poems!" Madly I rushed to the phone to speak to my husband in such an incoherent manner that I probably jeopardized the one job in the family by my behavior. (Fortunately he understands me even in my most incoherent moments.) Then I dialed a woman who "minds children by the evening" (they're supposed to mind me by the day). Thus I arranged to spend my anticipated poetry profits before I had received them.

But the beginning was only that. The cue of these two magazine editors

*29 Worthington St., Springfield, Mass. February, 1940.

was more or less ignored by their colleagues, and my poems became much travel-worn before finding harbor.

Helpful to the poet aspiring to regular contribution under Catholic auspices is the fact that these magazines are so numerous. And while many of them enjoy only a limited or specialized circulation, their standard of poetry is none the less recognized in literary circles as a high one, and reprints from their pages frequently appear in anthologies of merit.

May I here pay a tribute to these editors; not because I hope they'll read this, either. Most of them are members of the clergy, weighed down with other duties, yet they frequently take time to comment on submitted manuscripts and to jot down notes of encouragement when rejecting offerings.

Among the leading Catholic magazines for poetry are *America*, the *Ave Maria*, *Columbia*, the *Commonweal*, *Extension Magazine*, *Light*, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, the *Sign*, the *Catholic World*, the *Grail*, and *Spirit*, 386 Fourth Ave., New York City (the official organ of the Catholic Poetry Society of America).

Poems are the ideal medium for the housewife who must write. A single poem consists of an idea that suddenly begins to whirl about in the brain and itches the inner skull until pen scratches paper for relief. Often I have been walking the floor at night with a fretting child and have stopped

with baby balanced precariously against a shoulder to jot a few lines with my free hand. I have deserted a mop pail with half the floor scrubbed to scribble a verse on my kitchen pad. I have reached over my breadboard to the window sill to write of flowers with a hand that sprayed flour over the opus.

The typewriting is done as I stand at the dining room buffet. You see, of my five children the eldest is not yet four years (yes, twins!) so the only safe place for anything is higher than the tallest can reach with exploring jam-smudged hands. Thus I stand to conquer, and my typewriter is kept on a level that the quality of my verse would do well to emulate.

So from ideas roughly jotted down I wedge in time between naps and baths to type and send work hopefully out. Rejections persist in entering my mailbox, but I fool them by outnumbering them two to one in outgoing envelopes. Several times I have been amused when a poem on its tenth trip out excites an editor to hasten to accept my "unusual" or "delightful" piece. I thank heaven that, nine other literary men to the contrary, he and I thought we "had something there."

Having once tasted big-time blood (remember *Coronet*), I shall never forget, so I keep at the national publications all the while I appreciatively smack my lips over checks from the smaller ones.

In Medieval China

By A. G. McCORMACK

The dark came down like thunder

Condensed from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record**

The most astonishing and one of the most tragic epics of spiritual adventures is to be found in the history of the Franciscan mission in China. The mission of Cathay—as China was then called—was the most daring and most distant work of the Franciscans in the Middle Ages. They opened up to Europeans the way to China. They built up in a remarkably short time, thanks to John of Monte Corvino, the founder of the mission, a promising Church in China. Within less than a century after the foundation of the Franciscan Order there was a Franciscan metropolitan of China with six Franciscan bishops under him. Unfortunately, the mission shared the fate of other Franciscan missions. Less than 50 years after the death of its founder there was not a trace of Christianity left in China.

It was in 1241 that the Mongols constituted a real menace to the peace of Europe, for they advanced into Austria and Hungary, burning, destroying and massacring as they went. The death of the Mongol emperor alone saved a weakened and divided Europe.

Thereupon the pope, Innocent IV, conceived the great plan to profit by the temporary weakness of Europe's foes. He knew that religious tolera-

tion and a certain crude civilization were combined with the brutality which Europe had experienced at the hands of the Tartars. He hoped, therefore, to be able to come to terms with the Mongol rulers, to convert the Mongols and even to form an alliance with them against the Mohammedans in the Holy Land, against whom crusades had been launched in vain for the past 100 years. He decided, therefore, to send embassies to the Mongol chieftains and to the Great Khan himself. Friar John of Plano Carpini was among those chosen for this perilous venture. He alone succeeded in his task after surmounting great difficulties in making a journey which, so far as we know, had never been made by a European before. He succeeded in reaching the court of the Great Khan, Kuyuk, in 1245.

Another friar, William of Rubruk, went on a similar journey in 1253, partly as a missionary and partly as an ambassador to the Great Khan from St. Louis, the king of France. He arrived at the capital of the Mongols, which was now at Karakorum in Mongolia, north of the Gobi desert. The most that they could do was to gain the sympathy of the Mongol dynasty for the Franciscan Order. Thus it was

*41 Nassau St., Dublin, Ireland. February, 1940.

that when the time was ripe for sending another band of missionaries to China, the Mongols were already predisposed in favor of the friars.

Kubila, who became emperor of the Mongols in 1260, was responsible for the introduction of the first Catholic missionaries into China proper. He had completed the conquest of China and had fixed the capital of the far-flung Tartar Empire at Peking. Several requests from him for missionaries reached the pope. The first came through the famous Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, who visited the emperor in his new capital in 1266. Kubila begged him to go to Rome as his ambassador and ask the pope to send 100 well-educated men to teach the Mongols the Christian religion. Various other reports of Kubila's dispositions and wishes reached the pope, and convinced the missionary-minded Nicholas IV that missionaries should be sent to China. He was but waiting for the opportunity and the right man to lead the missionary band to the court of the Great Khan.

In 1289 that man arrived at the papal court on an embassy from the king of Armenia. Friar John of Monte Corvino was his name. He had spent a number of years doing missionary work in the Near East, and was well acquainted with the Tartar tongue. Instead of the 100 men whom Kubila had asked for, only one finally arrived. Yet, John of Monte Corvino was des-

tined to achieve results. He was the first Catholic missionary ever to set foot in China proper. His life personifies the courage, abnegation, and deep religious zeal of the Franciscan missionaries of the 13th and 14th centuries. The whole history of the Chinese mission in the Middle Ages centers around him, its first archbishop and greatest personality.

According to one chronicler, "he was a soldier, a lawyer and a doctor before becoming a friar minor." He probably became a Franciscan about 1266 at the age of 19 or 20. In 1279 or 1280 he went out to the Near East as a missionary, and worked for nearly ten years in Armenia and Persia with great zeal and success.

He set out for China in the summer of 1289. After a long and difficult journey he finally reached Peking after having lost all his companions on the way. Only one companion had been with him on the journey from the Persian Gulf to India, a Dominican friar named Nicholas of Pistoia. Unfortunately, he died on the coast of India and John was left to face the unknown alone.

Kubila had died by the time John of Monte Corvino reached Peking in 1294, but his successor, Guyuk, welcomed him kindly. Guyuk had all the typical Mongol's broadmindedness in matters of religion, but John soon saw that he was too rooted in idolatry to consider the claims of Christianity as

Kubila might have done. With the approval of the Great Khan he began to preach the faith in Peking.

He finished a church in which there was "a bell-tower with three bells," in 1299, and decorated it with six pictures taken from the Old and New Testaments for the instruction of the ignorant, with inscriptions underneath in Latin, Tartar and Persian. No news or help, however, came from Europe. It seemed as if he had been forgotten and abandoned by his confrères, in the midst of this huge empire. There was no guarantee that his appeals would be answered or that he would ever receive missionaries to assist him. He, therefore, tried to get together a body of helpers by buying pagan boys under the age of 12, baptizing them and educating them. By this means, similar to the western medieval custom of obtaining *oblats* for convents and monasteries, he gradually acquired about 40 children whose ages ranged from seven to 11. John taught these boys Latin, and trained them in the liturgical services of the Church. So well did he succeed that 11 of them were able to recite the office and maintain the services in choir even when he was absent. These services made a great impression on the emperor, an impression which was heightened after the completion of a new church directly opposite the imperial palace. The Great Khan could then hear their chantings from his own apartment.

He took great pleasure in their singing, and often invited John to bring with him four or six of his boys to chant before him and his court. It is probable that John was hoping to train these boys for the priesthood.

Fortunately, a letter which he wrote in 1305 reached Europe, the first to do so. For nearly 12 years, so far as we know, John had been isolated from the outside world. Many of his friends and brothers in religion had forgotten him or had thought he was dead. None could have dreamed of the wonderful work he was doing in silence and obscurity. In this letter he said that he had baptized several thousand Christians, and gave other news. This letter, therefore, caused a sensation in the West when it was brought from the Near East by a Dominican who had received it from the Venetian merchants to whom John had entrusted it. The splendid prospects for Christianity in China which the letter held out fired the imaginations of Franciscans and Dominicans alike. Immediately members of both Orders set out for Peking, but they must have been stopped en route, for neither band reached China.

Later John wrote another letter, brought to Tabriz by Italian merchants. In this letter he gave further news of the progress of his work. He said he had finished a new church, and that he had baptized a further 400 people since the feast of All Saints, 1305. (His second letter was written

on Quinquagesima Sunday, 1306.) A Dominican, Thomas of Tolentino, brought this letter to Rome. A special consistory was held to consider the matter, and Thomas appealed, in the presence of the pope and assembled cardinals, for helpers to be sent in answer to John of Monte Corvino's renewed pleas for missionaries. This appeal was answered in a remarkable way. The pope saw the huge possibilities latent in this remote Chinese mission. Accordingly, he appointed six Franciscan bishops to go with a number of friars to China. He named John of Monte Corvino archbishop of Peking and metropolitan of the whole Tartar Empire.

The bulls of Clement V nominating the archbishop of Peking and his suffragans were of immense historic importance. They raised the one-man mission of Peking to the dignity of a metropolitan see, and established in the Chinese Empire and the Far East an official hierarchy where, until less than 20 years previously, no Catholic priest had ever penetrated.

Very little is known about the further work of John of Monte Corvino and his bishops and friars in China. Friar Andrew, who became bishop of Zaytun in 1323, wrote a letter in 1326 which tells us that they were being encouraged and supported by the imperial alms, and that they were able to preach unmolested. The result was that they had made a large number of conver-

sions. In spite of the scarcity of information, it seems reasonable to conclude that the mission was progressing favorably, and that the Church was well established in China.

In 1328 the first apostle of China, John of Monte Corvino, died. Peking had, at his death, three friaries and many churches, and an archiepiscopal see with a magnificent cathedral. Another church and friary had been established in Yangchow. Two friaries and three churches had been built in the commercial city of Zaytun, and an episcopal see established there. After having accomplished these and other remarkable achievements, and having brought many thousands to the faith, the holy man, worn out by his many journeys and labors and age, died at 81 in the 35th year of his sojourn in China.

The death of Archbishop John did not mark the immediate collapse of the work which he had founded and fostered, though it is true that his labors did not long survive him, and that probably no successor occupied his see in the Middle Ages. For a short time further progress was made and the mission seemed to prosper still more. A certain Nicholas was appointed to succeed John of Monte Corvino, but he never reached Peking. In 1366 two embassies, one from the emperor and one from five Alan chieftains of the imperial bodyguard, arrived at Rome with a request that a successor

to Archbishop John should be sent out. An embassy headed by Friar John of Marignolli was sent as a reply to the emperor's embassy, but Rome apparently still hoped that Friar Nicholas would arrive.

Friar John of Marignolli was well received in Peking, and the emperor granted him full religious liberty.

The history of the mission in China virtually ends with the departure of John of Marignolli in 1342. No more was heard about it, and there can be no doubt that it was overthrown in the revolt against the Mongol dynasty, which had shown the Christians such favor. This revolt began in 1352, and was completed by the capture of Peking in 1368. The national dynasty

of the Ming emperors was established in the following year. This dynasty was intensely race conscious. The foreign religions which had been tolerated by the Mongols were naturally objects of hatred to these nationalists, and this spelled ruin for the Christian Church in China. Whatever may be the exact date of the destruction of the Franciscan missions in China, that destruction was complete. Of the numerous Christians not one family was left when the Jesuits came to China in the 16th century. The only relics that were found of the Franciscan evangelization of China were several crucifixes, a picture of our Lord and our Lady, a pyx and an instrument for making hosts.



Figures of Phantasy

On the verge of tears, her favorite perch.—*Robert E. Sherwood.*

Could feel his eyes grab me by the lapel.—*Philip Wylie.*

Hurried to their clandestination.—*Edward McCarthy.*

The modern girl is pretty as a picture, but overexposed and underdeveloped; she is vogue outside and vague inside.—*Paul Popenoe.*

Water of conviction changed into

the wine of faith.—*Ronald Knox.*

Quiet as a nun breathless with adoration.—*Wordsworth.*

Writing her ego-biography.—*M. Eleanor Fennessy.*

Lolled as if boneless.—*Francis MacManus.*

Boilers that blow up express themselves.—*Msgr. Sheen.*

In his evening clothes, he looked like a tired penguin.—*M. Simms.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Give the exact source. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Canada's Center of Catholic Learning

Mining the Middle Ages

By GERALD B. PHELAN

Condensed from *Columbia**

There was a time when human thought and life were permeated with Christian ideals. But that age had been long forgotten by historians, and many persons honestly imagined that it was a period of obscurity. Yet, it is from those so-called Dark Ages that we of modern times have inherited much, if not indeed most, of what the nations at this very moment are defending against the enemies of civilization.

If scholarship, in our day, is to discharge its true task of perpetuating the traditional culture of Christendom, efforts must be made to understand, appreciate and reinterpret for our modern world the principles and practices of those forgotten Middle Ages.

Many Catholic thinkers, the world over, have been long keenly aware of the need of such an undertaking; but the practical means to accomplish the task were not at hand. The providence of God, however, was all along preparing those means in a small Canadian college, founded in 1852 as a minor seminary. This was St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Once the development in higher education, which had been going on for years at St. Michael's College, reached the stage when a special institute was founded to study medieval culture, it

was not long before the hierarchy of Canada recognized its value and petitioned the pope to approve the work. The Holy Father graciously acceded and raised the Institute of Medieval Studies to the rank of a pontifical institute with full powers to confer, in the name of the Holy See, special academic degrees for advanced work in the field of medieval studies.

Years ago, several young Basilian Fathers, who had distinguished themselves in their academic work, were sent to European universities: Paris, Strasbourg, Oxford, Louvain, Cracow and Rome, and to Harvard University in the U. S. After years of study abroad, they returned to the institute to take up the work of teaching in the particular fields for which they had been specially trained. Thus the courses of instruction and the field of research included philosophy, theology, medieval history, history of canon law, history of liturgy, medieval Latin and vernacular languages and literatures. Palaeography, the science of deciphering ancient manuscripts, had already been introduced into the curriculum and was flourishing under the able direction of Father J. T. Muckle, C.S.B. The faculty was further strengthened by the addition to its

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. March, 1940.

ranks of Prof. Jacques Maritain, of the Catholic Institute of Paris, and Dr. Gerhart Ladner, of the University of Vienna and the Austrian Institute of Historical Research.

With the growth of the institute and the increase in the number of students, new quarters had to be found. Father McCorkell, superior of St. Michael's College, decided to erect the fireproof building which was completed in 1936. It provides space for a library of 50,000 volumes, classrooms, professors' offices and a chapel.

Statutes governing the administration and academic life of the institute were drawn up and submitted to the Holy See for approval. These statutes were revised and amended by the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities in May, 1936. By virtue of them, the archbishop of Toronto became chancellor of the institute. His Grace nominated the present writer as president, and presented that nomination to the Holy See for confirmation which, in due time, was accorded. He likewise gave canonical approval to the nomination of the other institute professors and officials.

In the spring of 1939, a petition, signed by the cardinal archbishop of Quebec and the other archbishops and bishops of Canada, was presented to the Holy See, praying that the Holy Father might grant the institute canonical erection by papal charter, with power to confer degrees in medieval

studies. Pope Pius XII heard this petition and, on his mandate, the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities issued the decree, dated on the feast of St. Luke, Oct. 18, 1939, by which the Institute of Medieval Studies became the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies.

In establishing this center of advanced study of medieval thought and culture, the Basilian Fathers and all others who shared in the undertaking from the beginning were well aware that they were entering upon an enterprise unprecedented in the history of higher Catholic education anywhere in the world. An intensive investigation of original sources and documents dealing with medieval culture in its whole scope and in its many aspects would be carried on in an effort to acquire a full understanding of that much-too-neglected period of Christian civilization and to interpret the life and thought of the rich Middle Ages to the impoverished modern world.

Never before had such a curriculum of studies been drawn up. It prescribed for the student not only a broad cultural appreciation of the literature, history and thought of the Middle Ages but also a thorough and accurate training in at least one highly specialized field of research within that period. It presupposed on the part of the prospective student a previous training in the classics, modern languages, history and philosophy equal to

the highest standards of undergraduate instruction in the best universities and colleges of the country.

Among those who have in the past studied at the institute, there are few not now actually engaged in academic work; some 25 graduates occupy teaching positions in Canada and in the U. S. There they are carrying on the work of interpreting the Middle Ages to great numbers of students and inculcating in them a fuller understanding and deeper appreciation of the long tradition of Christian culture.

The influence of the institute is also exercised through the publication of scholarly works dealing with the history, philosophy, literature, art and science of the Middle Ages. Besides monographs, dealing with historical and philosophical research, publications include editions of unedited medieval

manuscripts, translations into English of important Latin works written in the Middle Ages, translations of works in modern languages devoted to medieval philosophical thought and an annual volume containing technical articles, entitled *Medieval Studies*. All these publications are issued by Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York City.

To train professors for such highly specialized work as is carried on at the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies, maintain a library such as is required for this advanced study, and publish the results of all this research, involves considerable sums of money. Apart from the financial assistance rendered during his lifetime by the late Senator Frank P. O'Connor, the institute has practically no resources except the generous personal sacrifices of the Basilian Fathers.



Correction

The hard lessons of the last war and of what came after must not be lost. The German people became auto-intoxicated by the idea that not only must it recognize—what was strict truth—that it had in 1914 undertaken an unjust war, but admit that it alone—like a damned soul—carried the whole burden of the sins from which that war arose. The mistake which made possible this fatal auto-intoxication will not be made again. Nor will we once more identify the German people—however great its moral complicity—with Hitler and his totalitarianism.

[Above is the complete statement of M. Maritain on war guilt. The condensed version in the CATHOLIC DIGEST (Feb., 1940, p. 59) altered his meaning seriously. To M. Maritain, the *Commonweal*, and readers our apologies.—Ed.]

She Has a Crown

By O. A. BOYER

On earth as in heaven

Condensed from a book*

According to our Lord, there are three ways of reaching Him, each more perfect than the other, namely, the way of the servant, who observes the commandments, the way of the disciple, who follows Christ, and the more perfect way of the mystic who unites himself to the Divinity.

To be forsaken by everybody is one of the greatest mental pains a man can suffer. Some cannot bear isolation, they fall into despair and often do away with themselves. Satan must be a psychologist, for he tries that method on practically all mystics. Little Rose was no exception to this general rule; she too was subject to isolation and persecution. And she knew also that it was coming; she spoke freely of a treason, long before it happened.

Mary Rose Ferron was born May 24, 1902, at St. Germain de Grantham, Quebec. Her father, Jean Baptiste Ferron, a blacksmith by trade, was impulsive by nature, but endowed with Christian virtues. Her mother was Delima Mathieu, a non-assuming lady, timid by nature, humble by virtue, and yet fearless of the sacrifices of motherhood. Mother of 15 children, her piety was such that she found time to sit down and read the lives of the saints to the younger ones. Rose, better

known by the name of Little Rose, was the tenth child. Bright and alert, she was always ready to skip and sing and no less inclined to pray. At the age of three, she had taken a particular liking for St. Anthony of Padua. It was about that time that she had a vision of the Child Jesus. "I saw Him," she said, "with a cross; He was looking at me with grief in His eyes." This first vision of the Child Jesus was, no doubt, her initiation into the mystical life, and perhaps to the ecstatic life. Later on, in the middle of the night, Rose began to sing. The family arose, stood around her and wondered what was going on. The renewal of that phenomenon kept them guessing for years.

When Rose came to Woonsocket, R. I., in 1925, she was unable to walk and had been in that condition for three years. During that time she was almost always confined to her bed, and when she moved about it was with the help of crutches. It was a sad life, one full of suffering and loneliness. Rose was fortunate in having Father Adrien Gauthier as one of her spiritual directors. From him, she learned to suffer. Being reconciled to the will of God, she accepted her sickness as a state of life and finally rejoiced that she was

*She Wears a Crown of Thorns. 1939. St. Edmund's Church, Ellenburg, N. Y. 225 pp. \$2.50.

found worthy to suffer with Christ.

All the stigmatics have a strong desire to suffer in union with Christ, even before they experience these phenomena. If there were no suffering with the exterior signs, there would be good reason for suspicion. But when both are found, it is the manifest sign that the mystical union with God is built upon fellowship with Christ in His sufferings.

The following spiritual recipe was made by Rose: "Grind up all your sufferings in the mill of patience and silence; mix them with the balsam of the passion of the Saviour; make them into a small pill and swallow it with faith and love and the fire of charity will digest it."

Rose craved to eat and drink but she had to take very little food for her sustenance, and even that little at times would upset her stomach. Rose suffered hunger and thirst, as a victim, for weeks and months, and when she ate and drank, she generally paid the price. As a victim, she gained more merit than if she had lost the desire for eating and drinking. It is also remarkable that Rose always kept her serenity, peace of mind, judgment, smile and beautiful appearance, whether she took food, abstained, or was compelled to eject it.

Whenever she fell into ecstasy, the phenomenon of weight immediately manifested itself and increased in proportion with the depth of that state.

On one occasion, I pushed my hands under her shoulder blades with great difficulty (my hands could not get any further than the wrist) and after bracing myself against the bed, I pulled with all my strength. Had I tried to lift a five-ton truck, I would have been more successful. Yet the girl surely did not weigh more than 75 pounds.

The phenomenon of weight is one of the distinguishing features between divine and natural ecstasy. It corresponds to the phenomenon of levitation, by which ecstasies are seen rising and floating in the air, or to that by which ecstasies give out sweet-scenting odor of an unknown origin or last of all, that by which they are transfigured with light, as though God wished to glorify them on earth, as He did formerly in the case of His beloved Son. While emphasizing the genuineness of her ecstasies, one must not forget that ecstasy is only a charism, or gift, and that by itself it does not sanctify. You must look to virtue and especially to heroic virtue for holiness.

Mystical theology treats of three kinds of visions: the imaginative, in which the object is present in the imagination; the real, in which the object is present outside of the subject, and the intellectual ones, in which the object is in the intellect. Rose has had some of each.

Here is an example of a real vision which I witnessed on Nov. 26, 1930. Rose was enraptured, she rose on her

bed suddenly and with outstretched hands was making efforts to touch or to take hold of somebody or something. When she sprang up, the bandages with which she was tied to her bed broke and there she was with no support nor any tendency to fall back. While she was in that position, I held my hands before her eyes; she made an effort to look above them. I raised my hands higher to obstruct her view, and she stooped to look beneath. It was evident the vision was from without, for she could no longer see it when my hands were between the vision and her eyes. While in ecstasy, Rose had visions of our Lord; if we judge from her conversations with Him, she must have received many revelations.

On April 13, 1929, in the presence of five witnesses, I noted down in writing what Rose was saying. She asked our Lord how long she had to suffer and repeated the answer saying, "Seven years!" Then she counted on her fingers the age she would have by that time and stopped at 33. Rose was then 26. She died at the age of 33. It seems as though our Lord asked her if that was too long. She answered at once and eagerly, "Oh, no, come and get me when you want. I am willing to suffer 100 years if you wish. It is my sacrifice to stay."

On Dec. 8, 1928, Rose made her religious profession as foundress of the Sisters of Reparation of the Sacred Wounds of Jesus.

There have been only 30 known stigmatics who have had all the five wounds and the crown of thorns. Rose had all these and besides she had the stigmata of the flagellation, she bore the wound of the shoulder, and last but not least, the resemblance of the Ecce Homo. Little Rose, then, can rank among the most completely stigmatized mystics. Some of Rose's stigmata came to stay, like the five wounds and the crown, but others appeared on Friday and disappeared the following day without leaving a trace; all were painful and some were deep in the flesh, and bled. During the Lenten season, as Holy Week and Good Friday approached, her sufferings grew.

One Friday, it was 9 A. M. when I reached Rose. She was in ecstasy, her headress off. You could see her large forehead, covered with bleeding wounds. The upper part of her cheeks was lightly spotted. New wounds were beginning to show. The upper lip was slightly swollen and the bruises were appearing. It seemed as if the development of the wounds was working downward, for those of the forehead were well advanced; while the chin and the lower lip were still intact. At 11 A. M., the cavities of her eyes were filled to the brim.

The right eyebrow was split open while I was there and as the wound enlarged the surroundings of the eye became blue, yellow and black. The right side of the lower lip, also, was

split and as the swelling increased new wounds were formed on the chin. On the left cheek I followed the development of a wound, which turned out to be two inches long by one inch wide. First, there was a zigzag outline, made of a red line, the size of a thread. Within that design, the skin grew red in spots, but the depth of the color was not uniform. As they became darker, they seemed to become deeper and bruised in such a way that when the wound was fully developed, the flesh was bruised more in one place than in the other.

After dinner time, she entered into ecstasy, her right arm straightened out; if her left arm, which was tied to her body, had stretched out in the same way, she would have been in the form of a cross. Shortly afterwards, she writhed with pain, her lips clenched and trembled and I could hear the muscles snap, as the arms seemed to be pulled out of their sockets. The attitude of the body soon changed. As she straightened out, her hips began to move in almost the same way as her shoulders. Suddenly the movement stopped, her head jerked backward and while she was gasping for breath, I heard a sound at short intervals, coming as it seemed from her hips and the pit of her stomach. Was it the tearing of the muscles that made that sound as the limbs were pulled out of their joints? As I heard them, they seemed to me as though the pains of Christ

echoed from Calvary. At times, Rose would clench her teeth to overcome the torture. The chill of death made her shiver, and cold sweat would appear. At that moment, and then once again, she said, "I thirst," and the third time she said, "I thirst for souls." Finally her chin dropped, her mouth remained open and the pallor of death suggested a corpse.

The healing of the wounds was as wonderful as the stigmata themselves. It was generally on Saturday that Rose's face came back to normal. When the blood was dry, it would scale off, and the wounds were healed.

Like all mystics, Rose did not wish to make an exhibit of herself. When she was stigmatized, she kept the stigmata under cover and few were able to see them. On Fridays, when they were bleeding, her mother kept the doors locked. Only a few persons, with special permission, managed to enter. Some of these fainted on seeing her. Rose felt something had to be done to relieve her parents; she felt embarrassed in this situation and was prompted to ask her director if it would be wrong for her to pray for the removal of the outward signs of the stigmata? He answered, "No." Later, Rose told Father Leonard that Jesus had hesitated for some time before granting her request. But on Fridays, the blood continued to rush to those parts of her body where the wounds had been, and caused an agony of pain far worse than before.

So the pain remained, but the stigmata disappeared, save those of the head which followed her to the grave.

There was something noble in Rose that expressed the beauty of her soul. Nature had provided her with a beautiful face, full of grace and purity. At times, these seemed to radiate. This affected me as if something divine was escaping from her; *transfiguration* could be used without exaggeration. Her conversation was no less impressive, whether it bore on religious topics or on secular subjects. When Rose spoke, it was from the abundance of a heart continually burning with God's love. When she spoke on secular matters, all were surprised by the serenity and power of her mind.

Humility and generosity mingled with a sense of humor made Rose one of the most charming and beautiful characters one could meet. Her modesty and her deep humility, together with a fear of vanity, kept her from making a show of herself. She was constantly holding back the curiosity of visitors, who were at times ruthless.

Rose had a noble heart and a most generous one, especially toward her enemies; for Rose had enemies, no mystic is ever without them, not even those who lived in the city of Rome. Rose was so fond of laughing, that even while in ecstasy, when she wept over her miseries, she found it possible to smile. With our Lord, Rose was like a child; she cried, sang, laughed.

From midnight to 1 A. M., Rose made her hour of reparation. From 1 A. M. to 4 A. M. she kept busy doing whatever she could. She had but one hand to use, and that was tied to a metal splinter. I have seen some of her work. In itself, it was not extraordinary; but it was marvelous that she was able to do it, when we know to what extent she was crippled. She made bookmarks with pictures and ribbons, she braided palms, fixed broken beads and made paper crosses and stars.

She dozed from 4 A. M. to 6 A. M. Rose told me she did not sleep. During her dozing hours she heard all that was going on. Except on Fridays, the day on which she suffered the passion of our Lord, the door was open to visitors; they came from everywhere and went home fully rewarded or empty-handed, according to their dispositions.

On May 11, 1936, the soul of Rose Ferron departed, just as she was told by Jesus seven years before. The moment Little Rose passed away, a friend of hers was suddenly cured. This case was carefully examined and has all the marks of a second-class miracle. Friends continue to ask her prayers and visit her grave. Many favors have been obtained and some have been most remarkable. If we judge by the number who visit her grave and invoke her name, Rose must still be busy interceding for those who ask her help.

Production at Home

The good life

By HIRAM MERRIMAN

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

My family and I, purely as a part-time activity on less than two acres of land, produce for home use and sale to our neighbors and to others in Suffern, our New York City suburb, vegetables, poultry products and milk, giving us a net yearly profit of about \$1,000.

Growing vegetables for home use is a simple and common activity. A professional market gardener must deal with sprays and science and worry over speculative prices; I garden on the economy-of-abundance principle. One year we kept a close record of everything produced in the garden. It came to a total value of \$155. Expenses were \$25 for plowing and seed and share of land cost. This worked out at around 50c an hour for our time; not a high wage, but a garden is also real relaxation and fun.

Canning is where we shine and save. We have a sturdy kitchen machine, the Kitchen-Aid (not a department store egg beater), which through its many attachments makes an electric motor do in a few moments the work our grandmothers toiled at many an hour. We use it for many, many things. It cost \$125. Even before the installments were paid, we had got back the cost of this machine, which

will continue to give service for years. Our tomatoes we put in the machine, unpeeled, and out comes the tomato juice.

Another simple and inexpensive hand machine crimps cans, just as a bigger machine does it in the factory, and we have each fall 200 quart cans of tomatoes and tomato juice, at less than half they would have cost if we bought them at the store. We pay for no transportation costs, no high-powered sales programs, with our tomato juice; that's why we can beat the factory. Corn we dry and can, also lima beans and a few other vegetables. String beans, however, we buy fresh in the winter; here is one case where the market gardener can do us a service. But the great bulk of our vegetables are of our own production.

We preserve fruits by similar labor-saving machine processes, peaches and cherries and others. I am a lazy and shiftless person, or we would have our own fruit trees in bearing now. However, good fruit, for our purpose, we can have for nothing, or in exchange for a dozen eggs. This fruit is too ripe and full of flavor to stand transportation and holding in a store window for days, but excellent for canning or preserving. Our can of peaches thus

*386 Fourth Ave., New York City. March 1, 1940.

costs us 8c; for inferior quality in the city you would pay 17c at the efficient chain stores.

Year before last I bought two little pigs and raised them to fatness, mostly because I like pigs and hoped the pleasure would cost us little. My wife dubbed them the "Golden Pigs," because of the amount of food they consumed; but when butchered, smoked and weighed, I found that we were \$46 to the good.

We bought bacon-type pigs, well past weaning, and used all bought feed. Farmers in the Middle West getting 13c an hour for their labor produced our feed. Costs can be cut one-third by using surplus vegetables, scraps, etc. The value of the meat as given above is based on ordinary store prices, though home-cured hams such as ours sell in New York for as much as 85c a pound. In every respect we had much better meat than a family of our income could afford to buy.

To me a pig is pure pleasure. No nonsense about life's meaning to him. He keeps his feet on the ground, and his nose in the trough, and seems to sense his proper place in the eternal scheme.

We do not own a cow. A neighbor has a cow and sells us surplus milk, an informal cooperative. We are raising two pure-bred goats, which will give us milk the coming year. To produce your own milk supply, in a region where land is high priced and feed is

brought in, you need high-producing stock, which must be bought young because then it is available at a price you can afford to pay. So we had to wait for milk two years until our little goats matured and became fruitful. I will give you a friend's figures. He gets three quarts a day of rich, clean goat milk (female goats, contrary to grandmothers' tales, have no odor and are the cleanest of domestic animals) which costs him 6c a quart and a few minutes a day, and for which you who live in the city would have to pay 60c a quart, if you are wealthy enough to buy goat's milk from Borden.

Our great economic triumph is our poultry flock. We are finishing this hen-year with a net income of \$750 from our 175 pullets after all expenses, depreciation and land cost are deducted. Here we use one all-important principle of modern science. Millions of families keep a few hens. On a large farm they can pick up their living at little cost. In our region, where feed must be purchased, I wager that three-fourths of the people who produce their own eggs pay more for them than fresh eggs would cost if purchased. This is largely because they buy ordinary chicks. During the past ten years the improvements in poultry breeding have far surpassed those in any other branch of animal husbandry. The average annual production in this country is still about 105 eggs per pullet. This just covers the cost of

feed. Our production is always above 200 eggs. This stock is available and college extension men can find it for you.

We have found that it costs about a dollar to raise a chick to maturity, and when this bird's laying period is gone, we can get \$1.50 to \$2 for that hen as meat. Feed for a laying hen costs between \$2 and \$2.50 a year. We get from that hen 17 dozen fresh eggs, for which we get a minimum of 40c a dozen and a maximum, in the fall and early winter, of 50c, and we could get more. Our cockerels give us a small profit, varying as to whether we sell them at retail or in a bunch to the commission man. Our net profit on hens, after all capital expense is deducted, is around \$4.50 a bird. Your big-time poultryman in Ohio or upstate New York, with his 2,000 hens, must know his business better than the average if he makes a dollar a bird.

We have found that to satisfy our longing to live in the country, to achieve some security there, we do not have to live as our grandfathers and grandmothers did. Our surroundings are not primitive, neither is our toil so harsh as to numb our joy in living,

though there is plenty of work to do.

We have an Aga cookstove, made under Swedish patents, that cost at the beginning at least half as much as a new automobile, but which, with \$1.50 a month for fuel, will serve us a lifetime, and it makes baking and cooking a satisfaction as well as an economy. Its oven, ready at baking temperature 24 hours a day, is as scientifically constructed as the laboratory furnace, and my wife's pies and cakes do not burn on the bottom. To make our friends think we were rich, we bought an electric dishwasher at a time when a bargain appeared, but it is really only a gadget.

My wife works harder than she should, in my belief harder than she needs, but she finds little to take her to the city even when I insist, promising the work will be done while she is gone. My boy is learning self-reliance. As for myself, our security and extra home-produced income have made it possible for me to be far more free and independent in my choice of city work which, of course, must continue, for we are not and do not plan to be completely self-sufficient. But we have a freedom we never knew before.

♦

A German was boasting to a Dutchman "of the greatness of the Third Reich, its power and its future." "It is true," replied the Dutchman, "we are a small people without a great future, but when early in the morning we hear a loud knocking at the door, we *know* it is only the milk."

From For Democracy by various writers (Burns, Oates, 1939).

Arctic Tragedy

By BISHOP ARMAND CLABAUT, O.M.I.

When a priest's hands freeze

Condensed from the *Oblate World**

Behind the impassable barrier of the Arctic snows, in temperatures which break all records for cold, live men who have dedicated their lives to bringing the Christian faith to several thousands of Eskimos. They are the missionaries who have exiled themselves voluntarily, for life, to a land of desolation and death. How often, in the hearts of those responsible for the administration of this Arctic apostolate, rises the prayer, "O God, guard them from the cold!"

On Nov. 10 we received from the Arctic a radiogram bearing the terse message, "Father Buliard's hands were badly frozen last Monday. His fingers are in bad condition. Have the doctor prescribe treatment by radio."

Father Buliard, born in Franche-Comte, France, was one of 12 children. At the age of 25 he had set out from Montreal, on July 24, happy to have the privilege of devoting his life to the Eskimo on the other side of the world. On Sept. 8 he arrived at Our Lady of the Snows, at Repulse Bay, north of the Arctic Circle. Here under the direction of Father Lacroix he began to learn the missionary life of the North.

Two months later came the cryptic message to Montreal, "Two hands badly

frozen." These hands which, but a few months before had been anointed with the sacred oils of ordination, destined to baptize pagans and absolve sinners, which had come to put themselves at the service of the poorest of the poor, had been bitten by the cruel cold of the North. They soon might be the prey of the deadly disease, gangrene. The nearest doctor was 400 miles away!

At first it seemed that there would be no complications. One radiogram, transmitted by the Administration of the Northwest Territories, stated, "All immediate danger seems averted." Father Lacroix had appointed himself infirmarian and was caring for his patient according to directions sent to him by radio from Chesterfield.

But on Nov. 17, a telegram stated that complications had set in. The flesh of the first three fingers of the right hand seemed corrupted. Worse, the small supply of medicines and bandages was exhausted. Nov. 29, another communication said that the ends of the three fingers were open and full of pus, and that the other fingers were infected.

Mr. Gibson, administrator of the Northwest Territories, was in daily contact with the government Hudson

**Holy Wood, Essex, N. Y. February, 1940.*

Bay radio stations and he kept Bishop Turquetil informed of the progress of the case. Dec. 4, Dr. Melling, at Chesterfield, received a message, "The little finger on the right hand is now black." The gangrene was spreading. On the 5th, word came that the whole hand was infected.

Repulse Bay is in the Arctic Circle, 700 miles north of Churchill. Since the end of September the navigation season had been closed and there was no possibility of sending a boat. It was useless too, to attempt to send a sick man by dog sled. Only an airplane could bring the patient to proper medical aid and save, if possible, his priestly hands.

From the first news of the accident, Bishop Turquetil had been in contact with the Mackenzie Vicariate. But Bishop Breynat was making a missionary tour with his plane and could not be located. Moreover, the office of the Hudson Bay Company said that his plane was not equipped for a mid-winter flight into the Arctic.

At Washington, Father Paul Schulte, O.M.I., "The Flying Priest," was ready to make the trip. He knew the route well, for he had made a mercy flight to Arctic Bay, far in the North, in 1938.* But a war was on, and international complications made it impossible for him to receive permission to fly over Canadian territory.

The bishop then contacted the Can-

adian Airways who, after studying the atmospheric conditions, decided to send one of their pilots. The contract was signed. The price was high, but regardless of cost the missionary must be saved. The plane was to set out from Lake Bonnet, near Winnipeg, on Monday, Nov. 20.

The season was bad for flying. At Lake Bonnet there was little snow and the ice was not yet fit for a take-off on skis. The flyers were forced to start out on wheels and change their gear on the way.

On the 23rd the plane started off but was forced back by bad weather after covering 200 miles. Contradictory rumors were circulated in the press. It was said that the plane had left and would soon arrive at its destination. The news of the tragedy was already known across the ocean and Father Buliard's family in France were greatly worried. Nov. 26, the director of the Canadian Airways at Montreal phoned that the plane was still at Winnipeg. Eight days had passed. What was to become of the missionary? The gangrene was spreading.

Finally, on Nov. 27, the flyers took off from Lake Bonnet and arrived at God's Lake, 150 miles from Churchill. Capt. Bill Catton was in charge of the expedition. He had with him A. J. Hollingsworth as pilot and Rex Turpenning as mechanic.

Nov. 30, the plane had passed the timber line and had arrived at

*CATHOLIC DIGEST, July, 1939, p. 72.

Churchill where the barren lands begin. The following day it flew along the inhospitable coasts of Hudson Bay. The Eskimo hunters looked uneasily upon this giant bird of the white man which dared brave the anger of their country at such a time of year. The plane dipped its wings in passing salute at Eskimo Point and Mistake Bay. Dec. 1, it arrived at Chesterfield, still 300 miles from its final destination.

It was the first Friday of the month. Bishop Turquetil notified the religious communities and the parishes of Montreal, asking for prayers. The weather must hold out if Father Buliard was to be saved.

But the anger of the great North was not yet overcome. For eight more days the plane was grounded at Chesterfield. By radio came the brief and discouraging message from the mission, "Hands swollen, black spots spreading." God have mercy!

Then finally, on Dec. 8, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the blessed Virgin took pity on our anguished hearts. The weather cleared. The following day the plane made the final 300-mile hop and landed at the

mission at Repulse Bay. It was almost the shortest day of the year, with a single hour of daylight to guide the way of a plane. Not till the next day could they take off on the return trip to the hospital.

The gangrene had done its deadly work. At the mission hospital at Chesterfield, conducted by the Grey Nuns of Nicolet, Father was given the best possible treatment that its facilities could afford, but if his hands were to be saved special equipment would be necessary. The plucky young missionary who had calmly awaited mutilation and possible death during that long winter month was bundled into the plane. Dec. 20, he arrived at the Grey Nuns' Hospital at St. Boniface where the latest scientific equipment was available.

Slowly life returned to the gangrenous members. It seemed for a while that all would be well, but the surgeon's knife had to take its tribute of finger tips before a final cure could be completed. But still they are the sacred hands of a priest, spared to do their priestly work among the children of the North.

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Chesterton now appears as an astoundingly correct political prophet. Just before his death [June 14, 1936] he wrote: "The Prussian patriot may plaster himself all over with eagles and crosses, but he will be found side by side with the red flag. The Prussian and the Russian will agree about everything, especially about Poland."

The New World (9 Feb. '40).

The Negro Apostolate

Pastor speaks plainly

By WILLIAM J. WALSH

Condensed from *Interracial Review**

For some years I have been pastor of St. Ignatius' parish for the colored in West Philadelphia. After all the years spent among Negroes, I have come to certain conclusions.

The Negro apostolate in the U.S. is being hindered in many ways by the failure of many Catholics to face the question in a Catholic and statesman-like manner. It is the duty of educated Catholics especially to change this attitude, first of all in their own hearts by study of the problem, and secondly in the hearts of the general Catholic body by their influence and by the employment of the agencies of publicity at their command. Until Catholics, as a whole, change their viewpoint on the Negro, there will be little gain in the number of Negroes within the fold of Christ. Because of this indifferent, or even at times, intolerant, attitude of so many white Catholics, Negroes are compelled to suffer disabilities not only in their civic life, but in their religious life in the Church as well. These disabilities not only hamper the activities of Negroes, but their contagion spreads to white Catholics as well.

From the very moment of birth the Negro must accept life with innumerable handicaps. The denial of the opportunity for medical treatment of

an effective nature, the denial of hygienic education, and of a means to secure proper housing and food in countless cases has harmed the health of the parents and weakened the children prenatally.

In many places in our country, not only in the South, but in the North as well, in both non-Catholic and Catholic institutions, the child is denied equality of opportunity for education, and is either refused admittance in the ordinary schools, and so compelled to attend Negro schools, poorly constructed, planned and managed, or he is accepted in the ordinary schools and made to feel out of place. In saying this, I do not mean that there are no good Negro schools, or that some of our Catholic schools are not making every effort to place the Negro child on an equal level of opportunity for education. These good schools, and this attitude in our Catholic white schools are, however, the exception; disability in education is the rule.

The real suffering, and the greater injustice remain for the postschool years of the Negro. But even at this time, if the child becomes ill, he must resort in many cases to incompetent doctors, and be placed, if he is able to secure placement, in buildings that can

*20 Vesey St., New York City. February, 1940.

scarcely merit the name of hospitals.

As the more fortunate Negro child, whose parents are better off, advances to the stage of higher education, he is again confronted by denials based on race. We are not so much concerned with non-Catholic schools. We need not look outside for discrimination. It was only recently that the *New York Times* carried on its pages the indictment of certain of our Catholic schools in this regard, made by a young priest of Brooklyn who had unavailingly attempted to place a Negro in a Catholic college. Nor is this barring of a Negro student an exception, as may be attested to by anyone who is familiar with the problem. While conditions in this regard are much better than they were ten years ago, I dare say that there are not 100 Catholic academies and colleges which will today accept Negro students.

As to the Negro who finishes college, it might appear that here, at least, is one who has overcome all the hindrances barring him from participating fully in the life of his country and his Church. But alas, his real troubles have only begun. Now that his intellect has been sharpened and his vision broadened, his is the more exquisite mental pain, as he finds himself barred by this American and unchristian taboo of white supremacy. What a disgrace it is that many Catholic employers should bar Negroes from employment. We are not con-

cerned so much with non-Catholics, because they have not been taught so painstakingly as have Catholics that they are their brothers' keepers, that all have been created by the one God, have been redeemed by the one Christ, are all members of the same mystical Body of Christ, and all are walking towards the one heaven. So true is it that Negro college graduates have been, and are, prevented from taking their proper and just place in life, that today a large per cent of the Red Caps in the Pennsylvania Station in New York are college graduates.

If the Negro college graduate is compelled to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, what must be the condition of those of his fellows who have not been so fortunate as to secure higher education? Negroes are constructed on the same lines as are the white people. They have the same skeletons (we do not know whether the Unknown Soldier is white or black), the same senses, construction of nerves, muscles and sinews; they are gifted with an intellect and will like the white man, react to external stimulus in the same way. They are Americans like the rest of us, except that for them the blossoming of the joy that comes to us is thwarted on every side, and the workings of their emotions and their imaginations are compelled to feed on their very vitals because interracial justice is denied them. Is it any wonder that so many uninformed

Negroes are embittered? What would be our own reactions to a continued conspiracy of frustration of all our yearnings? Is it any wonder that the number of Negro Catholics does not grow with greater celerity, if we limit their participation in the divine life of the Church to the reception of the sacraments?

I submit that the Negro apostolate in the U.S. is being hindered by the un-

Catholic attitude of Catholics towards Negroes, that the number of Negro Catholics does not increase more rapidly because of the failure of Catholic educators to provide Catholic education for Negro Catholic leaders in their academies and colleges; that until all the life of the Catholic Church is opened widely and freely to Negro Catholics, we have not solved the problem of the Negro's spiritual welfare.



Capital to Labor

In 1936, James Harvey Gravell, owner of the American Chemical Paint Company, which he founded in 1914, paid the debts of all his 150 employees and gave \$100 to each worker who had no debts. This contribution amounted to \$100,000. In 1937 and 1938 he distributed Christmas bonuses totaling \$140,000. Wives of married employees were given \$300 apiece.

These gestures, so rare in an era of industrial exploitation and class warfare, merely capped a brilliant career marked by Christian charity and justice for his workers.

"My employees have been loyal to me and I am just giving them the money rightfully due them," Mr. Gravell declared at the time. "They earned the wealth. It was they who made possible the success of this business."

Mr. Gravell died last December. When his will was probated recently it was discovered that he had left the bulk of his estate to 15 of his most faithful employees. The treasurer of the company, who was named executor of the estate, was directed to incorporate the firm, divide it into 1,550 shares of stock and distribute them in ten years to 24 beneficiaries, including friends, relatives and 15 employees whom he named. Meanwhile each beneficiary will receive the income from his shares.

The employees, naturally, were elated; but one worker said he "would rather have Mr. Gravell back than all of the money he received under the terms of the will."

Crusade

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Leaflet legions

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor**

Catholic laymen of England have launched an organization known as The League for God. It undertakes to meet the street corner atheists at their own game—appealing directly to the man in the street.

"The League for God," explains Archbishop Godfrey, apostolic delegate to Great Britain, "is a combination of work, prayer and sacrifice."

The inspiration to form the league came about in a curious way. The League of the Godless held a congress in London in September, 1938. They expressed publicly their determination to wipe out all belief in God and in a future life. "We will grapple with God," declared their leader. "We will conquer Him in the highest heaven; and wherever He seeks refuge, we will subdue Him forever."

Not content with publicly declaring their intention to eradicate the idea of God from the minds of people, they adapted practical measures to attain their end. These included an enlarged anti-religious propaganda, and the development of circles of young godless in the schools. They determined to put atheistic literature in the hands of the man in the street; literature that he could understand. One leading atheist has publicly declared that he is respons-

ible for the distribution of 3,000,000 anti-God leaflets in one year.

Realizing that they could not be loyal to God, and allow the propaganda of the godless to go unanswered, Catholic laymen swung into action. Leaders found 90 men and women willing to brave biting winds and cold pavements to go from door to door with literature setting forth the evidence of God's existence and instilling a knowledge and love of our Creator as the basis of our Christian civilization.

Worker after worker went down with cold or flu, but still the work went on. When at last the cold spell broke, continuous heavy rains poured down night after night. Cold and wet, but with an inner vision warming their hearts, the workers carried on. They trudged through the wet streets until they had deposited with a prayer their last leaflet for God in the mailbox of a private home.

Their first leaflet, *Have You Ever Wondered?*, was published in March, 1938. During that month workers distributed from door to door no fewer than 20,000 copies. The response was even greater than they had hoped.

Inquiries poured in from hundreds of homes. People undernourished from

*Huntington, Ind. Feb. 18, 1940.

lack of religious instruction, bitten by doubt, grasped eagerly at this opportunity to rekindle their faith. They wanted more information about God, their origin and destiny and the meaning of human existence. And especially they wanted it in leaflet form, simple, appealing, and convincing by its sheer common sense.

In a short time centers were established in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bolton, Wigan, Nottingham, Birkenhead and many other cities. The sight of men and women sufficiently interested in the welfare of their neighbors to tramp through rain and snow was inspiring.

Requests from schools, camps, churches, and individuals for more leaflets continued to pour in. A Royal Air Force Camp, wearied with jazz and radio, asked for 5,000 leaflets a month! The workers then knew that they were meeting a keenly felt need. Within less than a year the members of the League for God have personally distributed more than 500,000 leaflets. When more funds are re-

ceived, they plan to place a leaflet monthly in every home in England.

The league embodies the three elements of work, prayer and sacrifice in the following manner: Members of the league are asked to adopt a street and see that each house in it receives one of the series of league leaflets in its letter box each month. They are requested to pray that the people they serve may know, love and serve God. They are asked if possible, to provide the cost of the leaflets they distribute.

Membership in the league is open to all believers, irrespective of creed or politics. Since its aim is to cut at the roots of organized atheism by establishing God as the motivating center in the life of the individual and of society, it welcomes the cooperation of all believers. With more than 75% of the British public unaffiliated in any active manner with a church, the league feels that there is room for all believers to put their shoulders to the wheel to stay the continued ravages of aggressive atheism and organized communism upon the British public.



Galileo wanted a favor and was told to ask St. Anthony for it. He hesitated and then went to a priest to ask if miracles could occur and if he would advise him to go to St. Anthony. The priest, Fra Paoli Sarpi, a friend of his, replied, "It's quite simple my son. If you really believe that the saint can intercede for you with God, then go and ask him. If not, you'd only be behaving like a man who wanted to buy something at a grocer's."

From *The Star Gazer* by Zsolt de Harsanyi (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1939).

Outdoor Cathedral

By CLARENCE BRISSETTE, O.S.M.

Sermons in trees

Condensed from the *Servite**

Within the last few years tourists to the Northwest Coast have come to think of Portland, Ore., in terms of the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother. This national memorial to motherhood has become the most visited scenic attraction in the states of Washington or Oregon. During the summer months close to a half million visitors come to this outdoor, sylvan cathedral and pay homage to the mother of Christ in her sufferings. Of this number some 60% are not of the Catholic faith. They come out of curiosity, remain in awe and oftentimes leave with a prayer on their lips.

The inscriptions on the grounds and particularly the explanations of the priest who conducts people around are all adapted to the non-Catholic mind. Working on the principle that "Christ came into the world through Mary and that the world is to go back to Christ through Mary" the first concern of the priest is to dispel the idea in non-Catholic minds that Catholics adore Mary. He is careful to explain that Mary is simply a human being, but the one human being that is closest to Christ and as such her intercession with her Son is most powerful. In few words he explains what intercession means and how the intercession of

Mary with her Son is based on Scripture and Christian tradition. Invariably, the non-Catholic will thank the priest for his explanation. Last October the writer had occasion to conduct 95 Methodist ministers about the sanctuary grounds. When all had been explained, one of the ministers acting as spokesman for his confrères asked for a "further explanation of Mary's position in Catholic theology" and stated he "realized *now* why Catholics prayed to Mary" and appreciated the reasonableness of our position. His comment is typical of thousands of others who think that Catholics adore Mary.

Since most sanctuary visitors are from the eastern states and their stay on the grounds is limited there are few outright conversions. The work of the sanctuary is to prepare the ground for the future. Many of its visitors had never talked to a Catholic priest nor seen the inside of a Catholic church.

The sanctuary, 60 wooded acres, is a place of rare and delicate beauty. The entrance path winds through rustic gardens, resplendent with wild flowers, native shrubs and verdant ferns, into a virgin forest of towering firs and pines. Hewn into the base of a moss-covered granite cliff soaring

*3131 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. February, 1940.

majestically to a height of 155 feet is an altar designed to harmonize with the surroundings. It is, indeed, nature's own cathedral with the vaulted skies for a roof and towering pines for pillars. Throughout the day organ strains emanate from the rocks and this together with cool, sweet-scented breezes, the song of birds and falling water gives the place an atmosphere of soft and gentle beauty where peace and benediction touch the soul. Christians of all denominations, fallen-away Catholics and non-Catholics come into these surroundings, and if they have any religious instinct at all, it is bound to express itself. An elevator takes the visitor to the upper level where he is conducted through a wooded grove containing seven shrines depicting the seven major sorrows of Mary. In these shrines there are 34 great wood carvings. The priest conducts visitors about these shrines in groups of 50 or 100, and it is here that he has the opportunity to do the missionary work already spoken of. All are deeply moved. An involuntary telltale tear reveals deep religious emotion. Pointed

questions, "I don't know" expressions, tell the story of what is going on within: the shattering of long standing prejudices or the slow awakening from the dread sleep of indifference.

In the U. S. alone there are some 50 million people with no religion at all. They could be reached with slight effort, yet most Catholics confine their missionary activities to foreign lands. At the sanctuary one priest can do the work of hundreds in making converts. He does not have to cope with a strange language, wild beasts, distances or savagery. The object of his zeal comes to him. All the organized tours from the East, convention delegates to the West, tourists in private cars, the Grey Line and Union Pacific busses making the trip through the Columbia River Gorge stop at the sanctuary. They come out of curiosity. All are impressed with the beauty of the sanctuary; more than that, those who are well disposed leave with a message of tolerance and understanding that some day is bound to bear fruit. The sanctuary is still in its infancy. It will grow with years and improvement.



Beginnings . . . XI . . .

OREGON

First priest: Father Francis N. Blanchet (later Archbishop of Oregon City) in January, 1839.

First Mass: By Father Blanchet at St. Paul-on-the-Willamette, Jan. 6, 1839.

First Baptism: By Father Blanchet in January, 1839.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

The Role of Pius

By WILLIAM SCHAEFERS

The name gathers luster

Condensed from *Pax**

The name Pius has a most interesting history in the records of the papacy. The average length of the reign of the popes who have chosen that name is 13 years. Pius I, who reigned from 140 to 155 (?), was the 10th successor of St. Peter. His reign saw the last of the Jewish children who had been taken into captivity with their parents by Titus, when he destroyed Jerusalem. Marcus Aurelius sat on the throne of Caesar, and Rome was mistress of the world.

The Church then waited 13 centuries before it hailed another Pius. Pius II, the 213th successor of St. Peter, reigned from 1458 to 1464. When he ascended the papal throne the Roman empire had already disappeared. Christopher Columbus was not yet in his teens. There were French visitors in Rome who had witnessed the burning of Joan of Arc at the stake. Louis XI of France was adding territory to his empire at the expense of the nobles, and Henry VI of England was making history by paving the way for the Wars of the Roses.

When Pius III ascended the chair of St. Peter in 1503, Martin Luther was 20 years old. Columbus was sailing on his fourth and last journey to the New World. Cortes was dreaming

of conquest. Raphael was edging toward the top of his fame.

During the reign of Pius IV, 1559-1565, St. Philip Neri flourished. St. Augustine, Florida, was founded, the Council of Trent was drawing to a close. Michelangelo died.

During the pontificate of Pius V, 1566-1572, Ivan the Terrible was manufacturing history in Russia. Venice was at the zenith of its power. The Pilgrims were born. Queen Elizabeth of England was jailer of Mary, Queen of Scots.

After Pius V (the last pope to be canonized) two more centuries elapsed before another pontiff took the name of Pius. He was Pius VI, 1775-1799. During his 24-year reign, the American Revolutionary War was fought and won, the Stars and Stripes flag was adopted by Congress, and Washington was inaugurated. John Fitch operated his steamboat on the Delaware River. The French monarchy went down in the red tempest of the Revolution. Napoleon was a name that was beginning to be talked about. The career of Robespierre came to an end under the greased guillotine. Popery riots blazed in London. Australia was settled. Junipero Serra was building missions on the Pacific coast.

*Little Flower Monastery, Newton, N. J. January, 1940.

Pius VII was elected Christ's Vicar as the 19th century dawned. During his pontificate, 1800-1823, the star of Napoleon set. America fought her second war with England; the famous Monroe Doctrine was declared. Brazil achieved independence. The stethoscope was first used.

The pontificate of Pius VIII lasted but 20 months, 1829-1830. It saw the Mormon church organized in New York, and the appearance of railroads in England. During the 32-year reign of Pius IX, 1846-1878, America's war with Mexico was waged and won; the Civil War was fought; Germany defeated France, and Bismarck reestablished the German Empire. The first Atlantic cable was laid. Gold was discovered in Australia, and oil in Pennsylvania. The Suez Canal was opened. Chicago was destroyed by fire. Man's inventive genius produced steel and dynamite, the sewing machine, telephone, typewriter, and motion pictures. The papacy was shorn of temporal power.

Saintly Pius X ruled from 1903 to 1914. It was a turbulent decade fired by revolutions and assassinations, the Russo-Japanese War, war in the Balkans, the sinking of the Titanic. Inventions included the airplane, diesel motor, and radio. Codification of the Canon Law was begun, modernism condemned, sacred music promoted.

The late world-wide lamented Pius XI reigned 17 years, 1922-1939. A prodigious worker, he lived the hurricane years that marked his pontificate with rare fortitude. He saw the map of Europe changed, a depression bankrupt the world, atheism and communism sweep nations, the ocean spanned by Lindbergh. He promoted Catholic Action, the foreign missions, and world peace; solved the Roman Question, which restored the Papal State, extinct since 1870, and put an end to the self-imprisonment of the popes. The Vatican Palace was modernized.

His Holiness Pius XII came to the chair of St. Peter already a very great man. History is still a-making.



A young man ran for the legislature. He was badly defeated. He entered business and failed. He spent 17 of the best years of his life paying the bad debts of a worthless partner. He ran for congress and met defeat again. He tried to secure an appointment to the U. S. law office without success. He was a candidate for U. S. senator, defeated again. He became candidate for the vice-presidency of the U. S., and failed. He tried again for office, and was elected president of the U. S. He was Abraham Lincoln.

Novelist in N'Orleans

By EDWARD F. MURPHY, S.S.J.

Canon backfires

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith**

The main difference between the Latin Quarter in Paris and the Vieux Carre in N'Orleans is that the latter seems more European. Just a bit of the Old World more than successfully transplanted to the New, and, with the gentle decay and dust of time, mellowed to a picturesqueness which is life to the fancy. A retreat definitely apart from a day of *Blitzkrieg*, planned economy and bubblegum.

The visitor would hardly be surprised to see Robespierre, with his sea-green eyes and sky-blue waistcoat, standing in the misted radiance of that lamppost near the Cabildo. Or a horde of Marseillaise singers, with red-dripping trophies, tearing down Bourbon Street. Or Carmen and the Lady of the Camellias wandering in the garden behind St. Louis Cathedral, where duels were fought in the spirited time when the gist of an argument was the tip of a sword and Jose "Pepe" Llulla, fencer supreme, maintained a cemetery to accommodate those whom he killed.

Theatre d'Orleans. Probably nowhere else in the western hemisphere stands a house with the same story as the long drab green-shuttered structure which is all that remains of that once busy landmark. Satan's hooked wing used to enfold the place with confident pos-

session. Fiddles teased and whined to the passions of men. Dark eyes invited. And now . . .

This is the section of the playhouse where the quadron balls, exotic follies of days that are dead, were held. Over this abode of illicit romance, a cross now rises. The Convent of the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family.

Yes, indeed, anything can happen in the French Quarter of N'Orleans, and usually does. And to me, a scene which has been occurring nightly, right near the Holy Family Convent, is almost as arresting as anything else that took place in the past in this district which caused Kipling to name the Crescent City one of the three most fascinating spots in America, and O. Henry to regard it a writer's heaven. There, in *Le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre* on St. Peter's Street one can view, incredibly attired, a personage who, a few years ago, "made" the front page of American newspapers by debunking pietism from a pulpit, and wrote a famous novel which cut to the very bone of ecclesiastical chicane, and had the distinction of being the first American to win the Nobel prize for English literature. Sinclair Lewis himself, but so un-Lewis-like in this company: reverently cassocked and collared as a

*Silver Spring, Md. February, 1940.

Roman Catholic priest, and portraying, with utmost sincerity, the leading part in Paul Vincent Carroll's play, *Shadow and Substance*.

When invited to meet Mr. Lewis for the purpose of "coaching" him in the religious detail of the role of an Irish canon, I had misgivings. Surely here would be a razor intelligence with a continuous flash of cynicism! Well, the intelligence was there, and no mistake. But I was all wrong about the razor. Now in his early 50's, Lewis is not the rebellious sorrel-top that the intelligentsia of the 20's knew so well and admired so much. Our best verbal photographer of Americana seems to have lost nothing of his gift, but to have gained in stature and penetration. Yet a note has crept up with the years, nearly to the top, in his personality. Kindliness.

Studying him, lean, keen and ascetic, in fact more like an ecclesiastic than Sir Cedric Hardwicke who so well interpreted Canon Skeritt on Broadway, I keep thinking of the facial resemblance that is said to have existed between Voltaire and St. Jean Baptiste Vianney. After all, why should these two Frenchmen not have looked alike? They both had the same intensity of devotion, even if to different causes. They both fought with identical energy and fearlessness, even if against different foes, with different weapons. The sage was the saint, in reverse. And so it should not be astonishing that the

author of *Elmer Gantry* and *Babbitt*, as a churchman, looks the part.

During my hours with him, I have not detected a single leer or sneer when anything sincerely religious was mentioned. The shoddy psychologies and holy penny schemes which often masquerade as the worship of God both amuse and revolt him. But he has absolutely nothing to say against the consecrated heart or the bended knee. In exposing the Elmer Gantrys of the chancel, he certainly never intended to hold them up for imitation, or as a proof that their opposites do not exist.

As I listen to him perfectly delivering the canon's sonorous lines, I cannot but recall a passage from his trenchant novel, in which he makes his character, Frank Shallard, a minister, explode: "Darn it, I cannot go on being interested in the fact that old Mrs. Besom finds God such a comfort in her trials. Mrs. Besom's daughter-in-law doesn't find Mrs. Besom any comfort in *her* trials, let me tell you! And yet I don't see how I can say to her, after she's been fluttering around among the angels and advertising how dead certain she is that He loves her; I haven't quite the nerve to say, 'Sister, you tight-fisted, poison-tongued old hellcat, go home and forget your popularity in heaven and ask your son and his wife to forgive you for trying to make them your kind of saint—with acidity of the spiritual stomach!'" In

Shadow and Substance, it is not a Mrs. Besom but a modern St. Brigid whom Lewis meets; and the unfeigned sentiment with which he gazes on the lovely little girl, Marcella Powers, who plays the part, leads me to surmise that he is not only listening to a voice, but also reading a message.

A New York dramatic critic described Carroll's drama as heavenly light streaming through cathedral stained glass. Lewis, to say the very least, is doing nothing to lessen the impression. When, with touching awe and conviction, he utters the canon's commentary on Brigid's soul, "My God, my God, that—that is what we have come from. Pride—loyalty—a classic race—a royal conception. Two thousand years ago, someone with that brow and face held up His head and died like a prince," I doubt if he ever remembers that, once upon a time, he wrote, "I don't find Jesus an especially admirable character."

No, I somehow cannot believe that

Sinclair Lewis is merely acting in this unusual play, with its rich overtones of spirituality and its strong undercurrent of significance. But if he is acting, then he is even a better thespian than a novelist, and the winner of the Nobel prize has surpassed himself.

N'Orleans is indeed a city in which strange things are familiar and familiar things are strange: a realm of paradoxes where Gilbert K. Chesterton would have been much at home. Here the past and the present, at times, indistinguishably blend, and the spirit of make-believe, which reaches its climax in Carnival, has a basic quality of reality to it. Here a man who has elsewhere found shadows on the moon may find truth in the shadows. Here the words of a faith-inspired play seem to take on a new luster, for they harmonize with the hearts of the majority. Here a brilliantly mundane man of letters might well thrust aside his laurels and, shepherd-like, look up humbly, however briefly, to a star.



It will cost from \$35,000 to \$40,000 to produce the Catholic Hour this year. If the National Broadcasting Company and its associated stations charged customary commercial rates for their facilities the Catholic Hour would cost over half a million dollars a year.

Figuring this out just for fun, on the basis of an estimated audience of 17,500,000, and the minimum ratio of non-Catholic listeners of one out of five, the Catholic Hour costs \$0.002 per general listener per year, \$0.01 per non-Catholic listener per year.

During the five weeks from Jan. 7 (the date of Monsignor Sheen's first talk) to Feb. 13, more than 164,413 letters and postcards have been received.

The Ecclesiastical Review (March '40).

Up for immortality

King Fish

By ALAN JENKINS

Condensed from *Columba**

Here was the Cinderella of the months, drab and cheerless in contrast with the burnished glory of October. Even the rooks were sober for once, as they perched in the leafless aspens and dried their plumage after the storm that had veiled the river with grey arrowy rain. But nature never rests.

Late in the gloomy afternoon, old Tod Merridon, who had been water bailiff for nearly 40 years until a fall over a dam crippled him, came limping to me in the millyard, "They're running, they're leppen Crooked Dam," he burred excitedly. No need to ask who "they" were; salmon were ascending the river. I had to walk fast to keep up with him, despite his limp.

As we walked across the lawnlike stretch of turf that flanked Crooked Dam, something silver-flashing and sturdy leaped out of the churning water, curved, poised on the sill of the dam, and slipped back to be lost from sight, only to leap again in a moment and once more be flung back by the relentless water.

The run was not large, but while it lasted there was something thrilling in the struggle of the salmon to conquer the steadfast water pouring towards the sea they had so recently left. You could sense the strength and the effort

each fish was putting forward as he leaped, glinting and curving, up to the sill, far taller than a man, trying to force his way into the calm waters above, there to rest awhile before continuing on the way to the very headwaters of the river. For not until the stream became too shallow to be safe would they have reached their journey's end.

We saw perhaps a dozen fish, and the last one of all was the largest: he was a monster and looked quite 30 pounds, but probably was half that weight. The old man sucked in his breath with admiration as the salmon leaped, his graceful, powerful body glinting, curving through the air, to land with a thwack just over the sill. Moving up the bank we could see him resting in the pool, his great, pale, silvery-green, symmetrical form standing out phantomlike, and yet, when our eyes grew accustomed to the aqueous light, surprisingly distinct in the autumn-dark water. His fins and tail worked leisurely. Head to stream, he rested. I moved incautiously nearer. Away he went, fast out of sight in a thrust and swirl of those strong shoulders, whose power had conquered the dam.

There seems to be something epic

*81 Berkeley St., Glasgow, C.3, Scotland. February, 1940.

about the journeyings of the salmon from his native river out to the vast ocean, amidst all his voracious foes, and then, when he has reached maturity, and when the urge is upon him, his equally thrilling return, through hundreds of miles back to that river for the purpose of immortality. It may be that man, the wanderer and the romantic at heart even in these prosaic days, feels a sympathy for other wanderers: sailors and swallow and martin and salmon!

But what is this impulse that drives the salmon? What guides him back to his faraway river?

According to the old water bailiff, the fish we had watched were *grilse*: salmon which but a year ago had gone down to the ocean as *smolt*. Some of their fellows would remain in the ocean for several months longer; a few, until they were five or six years old and then, much larger than these *grilse*, ascend the river as maiden salmon. When these present *grilse* reached the headwaters of the river, until there was scarcely enough water to cover their backs, they would pair off, not without fierce fighting—and anyone who has watched fish fighting will appreciate that ferocity is not an inapplicable word, as they seize each other by the snout and lash in frenzy until the water is clouded with sand.

The henfish of each pair makes a trough in the river bed, where the water is two or three feet deep at the

most, by vigorously working her shoulders. These troughs are called *redds*. In them she lays her eggs, and a fish of 20 lbs. has not far short of 20,000, but these are not deposited in one trough. As she finishes each spasm of laying, the waiting cockfish dashes forward and fertilizes the precious eggs with milt, and presently, after covering them with sand, the henfish proceeds to make another trough a few feet away, until eventually the purpose is fulfilled for which the salmon achieved the laborious task of ascending the river, with its scores of rapids and falls to be leaped and its attendant dangers to be risked: porpoises in the estuary, fishermen's nets, poachers' spears, rod and line, sleek otters, disease.

From the well-fed, muscled, beautiful fish that came up so lustily from the ocean, sea lice on tail and gill coverings, a visible proof that he is "fresh-run" and only a day or so out of the ocean, for the parasites that feed on his blood cannot exist in fresh water, the salmon now changes into a spent, sluggish creature, drifting down with the flow, so spent indeed that he may be seen slipping tail first over the falls. His flesh has become worthless, watery and pale, his snout distended, his lower jaw hooked rapaciously, his silvery color changed to a dark mottled reddish tint, spotted with black. He is now a *kelt* as he slips back to the sea to regenerate the power that had sent him leaping the dams. But few

kelts are able to survive their debility.

In the meantime, those thousands of eggs slowly hatch out. The majority have already been devoured by eel and swan and countless other enemies. However, some remain concealed in their cradle of sand or gravel, and perhaps in little more than a month, perhaps not for four or five, according to the temperature, hatch out into infinitesimal creatures known as *alevins*; grotesque, for they have the yolk sac of the egg still clinging to them. In a month or so this has been gradually absorbed into the tiny body, just as the tadpole absorbs (he does not discard) his tail.

By the time they quit the redds they are one inch long. In a year the alevins have attained a length of three or four inches, in two years five or six, and

now they are *parr*. With their second birthday the parr reach another stage: their delicate markings become covered with a silvery hue, for their scales have developed fully. Their time of wandering has arrived; they are smolts. Those that survive grow rapidly on the rich food of the ocean, sand eels and herring, so that, though it has taken the young salmon two years to grow as big as a minnow, his year's sojourn in the ocean sees him increase his stature to at least four times that size.

Three years old or more, the young salmon is a thing of grace and beauty and abounding power. His thoughts turn once more to the river that gave him birth and, in company with hundreds of his fellows, he sets off through the dark sea, drawn again by that inexorable influence.

Age Is As Age Does

At the age of 50, Webster started to study 17 different languages and Franklin began to study philosophy.

At 80, Cato began to study Greek, Plutarch took his first lesson in Latin, Socrates began to play musical instruments.

At 85, Watt learned German.

Tom Scott began the study of Hebrew at 86.

The wonderful second part of *Don Quixote* was written by Cervantes at 68. Gladstone at 80 began his campaign to overthrow the Conservative government and put himself in party power.

The second part of *Faust* was written by Goethe at 80, and at the same age Wellington planned and superintended fortifications.

At 83, Tennyson composed *Crossing the Bar*.

At 88, Von Moltke was still chief of staff of the Prussian army, and at 89 Michelangelo painted immortal canvases.

All of which goes to prove the truth of the old saying that man is only as old as he wants to make himself feel.

The Apostle of Mary (Feb. '40).

We Are Fifteen

By RUTH A. VINCENT

Home talent, for sure

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

The leading man and lady are brother and sister, the villain is their brother, the heroine's father is her real father, the scheming disagreeable "other woman" is a sister; so it goes until you count out 15! For 15 members of the same family make up this unique organization. They are the Henry F. Meyer's players extraordinary, of North East, Pa.

Not only does brother make love to sister, but dad is mamma's grandpappy when the amazing 15 don their wigs and pack them in on the Church-basement and Town-hall Circuit of north-eastern Pennsylvania and Ohio.

In addition to taking all the parts in their presentations, the troupers do everything connected with the theater from peddling handbills to loading scenery. The mother, besides being an accomplished pianist, orchestra leader, and player of character parts, presides over the wardrobe. Five of the children are singers, two are dancers.

Not to be outdone by his better half, the head man of the company manages the affairs of the troupe, in which he has a very "personal" interest; is the smiling ticket taker at the window; and plays character roles, chiefly those portraying old men.

The family's double quartet ought

to come in handy when they make their bow in the musical comedy field with *The Sailor's Sweetheart*. This production will enable the incomparable 15 to display their singing ability. The double quartet, in whole or in part, is often called upon to render numbers throughout their territory for private entertainments.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Meyer and their 13 children began drawing crowds over two years ago when they started a circuit that took them into Ohio and back again. While individual members of the family had played at various places with other groups for many years, their first appearance *en masse* was in a comedy-drama, entitled *The Dust of the Earth*, which was presented for the benefit of the milk fund in North East.

The popular Meyer players haven't been able to fill all the requests they've received since then. The schooling of the younger members of the cast is never neglected, even at the expense of refusing engagements. They glory in the fact that they can help parishes, church organizations, and charitable enterprises. Says Papa Meyer, "We are anxious to meet every demand if possible, especially in cases where we can aid charity."

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. March, 1940.

Perhaps none of the Meyers will ever be a Sarah Bernhardt; indeed, it's more probable that none wants to be. But their talent is such that newspapers and theatrical periodicals from coast to coast have publicized them, and several agents have interviewed the family at their home for the purpose of signing them for playing schedules. Reluctant to make any arrangements that might interfere with the young ones' school program, they have not been eager to contract for a lengthy schedule except in the summer. An engagement with a Broadway company may be effected this year.

How the Meyers ever manage to lead regular lives and at the same time fill important positions in the workaday world probably puzzles even the Meyers themselves. But they do. When they unmask, those not involved in learning the three R's, which include four in high school and one in the grades, are engaged in various activities in North East and in Erie as clerks, stenographers, etc. Until the recent change in the Pennsylvania state administration, Mr. Meyer was in charge of the claim division of the State Workmen's Compensation Department, with offices in Erie.

This earnest clan of thespians takes no chances in jeopardizing its religion. Many drowsy individuals lift their eyes in amazement on first Fridays when the Meyers file into church for Mass. If it weren't for the fact that "seeing

is believing" it would be difficult to convince them that these communicants played heavy drama on the stuffy stage until late hours the night before.

The Meyers need a Bible handy for the purpose of swearing that "we are all one family." Not a few who witness their presentations express doubt that one family could render such splendid characterizations in a wide variety of roles and also attend to the scenery arrangements, costumes, make-up, etc. If they forget their Bible, however, they have ample credentials always with them to prove their claims that they are one family of 15.

The problem of gathering together and transporting their scenery, costumes, and themselves has been fairly simple thus far because of their practice of responding only to requests from near-by points where all arrangements can be made on the day of the performance. For this reason no provisions have had to be made for remaining overnight while on the road.

But if they are to fulfill the increasing demands for performances that will require their deserting North East for days, even weeks, at a time, they will, in all probability, be compelled to buy a bus.

Although they sometimes deviate, Arthur, 15, is comedian; Florence, 27, comedienne; Henry (father), 52, manager, ticket taker, character old men; Mae (mother), 52, pianist, wardrobe mistress, character old women; Paul,

20, leads; Dorothy, 29, characters; William, 13, juveniles; Joseph, 23, props and heavies; Joan, 18, leads; James, 24, characters; Cecelia, 26, stage director; Jack, 12, juveniles; Mary, 21, utility; Bernard, 25, stage carpenter and bits, and Frances, 17, ingenue.

So we give you the Meyers, lovable and sincere, who believe that all the world's a stage on which they can keep their family together, provide clean entertainment, and who, remembering that "the poor you have always with you," contribute their bit to charity.



A Proclamation

March 30, 1863

Whereas, the senate of the U. S., devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of almighty God in all the affairs of men and of nations, has by a resolution requested the president to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation:

And whereas, it is the duty of nations as well as men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in the holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord:

And insomuch as we know that by His divine law nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us:

It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From *The Writings of Abraham Lincoln*, v. 6 (P. F. Collier & Son, New York).

Wet the ropes

Sailor in Port

By LEONARD DOOLEY

Condensed from the *Register**

The palms distributed to the Vatican clergy at St. Peter's Basilica on Palm Sunday were from Bordighera. They always are. Why? Because a sailor from Bordighera couldn't keep his mouth shut on an historic occasion more than 350 years ago. Here is the story:

In the center of St. Peter's square stands an obelisk more than 100 feet high, erected in 1586 under the direction of Sixtus V. This monolith, the base of which had been soaked with the blood of the early Christian martyrs, had been brought from Heliopolis, Egypt, by the Roman emperor, Caligula, and placed, flat, in Nero's circus.

Although Michelangelo had told Pope Paul III that it would be impossible to erect the 330-ton shaft in front of St. Peter's, Sixtus V decided that the task could be accomplished and took steps to insure the obelisk's safe erection.

He employed an engineer, Domenico Fontana, to supervise the project. On the appointed day 900 men, with the aid of rollers, cranes, and 150 horses, began to raise the huge mass of stone. His Holiness looked on from a balcony. The thousands gathered to witness the spectacular event were warned, under pain of death, not to speak, in

order that all the workmen could hear the directions shouted by the engineer, who stood on a high platform.

The command to raise the obelisk was given. Slowly the huge shaft was lifted. It was half way up. The tremendous crowd watched breathlessly. It was almost erect, but it stopped moving. The ropes could be pulled no farther. The mute crowd gazed in awe as the 330-ton monolith swayed and threatened to crash to earth. No one uttered a sound—except one sailor.

"Wet the ropes," he shouted.

Fontana, who had failed to take into consideration the tension that such a great weight would place on the elevating ropes, immediately ordered the ropes soaked with water. This tightened the ropes enough to permit the men to place the shaft safely on its base.

When the obelisk was in place, the sailor who had disobeyed the order of silence was brought before the Pope. Instead of punishment, the Pope offered him anything that he wished. He requested that henceforth his native city, Bordighera on the Mediterranean, be given the exclusive right to supply the Basilica of St. Peter with palms on Palm Sunday.

Sixtus V granted his request, and

*934-938 Bannock St., Denver, Colo. March 10, 1940.

ever since the palms distributed among the Vatican clergy have come from Bordighera, the home town of the sailor who was unable to keep silence.



Festival in Bayreuth

What I find revolting about the music of Wagner is the underlying conception which dictated it, the principle of putting a work of art on the same level as the sacred and symbolic ritual which constitutes a religious service. And, indeed, is not all this comedy of Bayreuth, with its ridiculous formalities, simply an unconscious aping of a religious rite?

Perhaps someone may cite the mysteries of the Middle Ages in contravention of this view. But those performances had religion as their basis and faith as their source. The spirit of the mystery plays did not venture beyond the bosom of the Church which patronized them. They were religious ceremonies bordering on the canonical rites, and such aesthetic qualities as they might contain were merely accessory and unintentional, and in no way affected their substance. Such ceremonies were due to the imperious desire of the faithful to see the objects of their faith incarnate and in palpable form, the same desire as that which created statues and ikons in the churches.

It is high time to put an end, once and for all, to this unseemly and sacrilegious conception of art as religion and the theater as a temple. The following argument will readily show the absurdity of such pitiful aesthetics: one cannot imagine a believer adopting a critical attitude towards a religious service. That would be a contradiction in terms; the believer would cease to be a believer. The attitude of an audience is exactly the opposite. It is not dependent upon faith or blind submission. At a performance one admires or one rejects. One accepts only after having passed judgment, however little one may be aware of it. The critical faculty plays an essential part. To confound these two distinct lines of thought is to give proof of a complete lack of discernment, and certainly of bad taste. But is it at all surprising that such confusion should arise at a time like the present, when the openly irreligious masses in their degradation of spiritual values and debasement of human thought necessarily lead us to utter brutalization? People are, however, apparently fully aware of the sort of monster to which the world is about to give birth, and perceive with annoyance that man cannot live without some kind of cult. An effort is therefore made to refurbish old cults, dragged from some revolutionary arsenal, wherewith to enter into competition with the Church.

From Stravinsky, An Autobiography (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1936).

Rediscovery of America

Land and truth resighted

Condensed from *Time**

"The night before sighting land the Admiral knew it was near (as the best experienced seamen do) by the look of the sea, the gathering of clouds, and the flight of birds. He ordered sail to be shortened lest they overrun in the night. It was a nervous night with the dipsey lead hove every quarter hour, the young and inexperienced imagining that they saw lights and heard breakers, the officers testy and irritable, and the Admiral calmly keeping vigil."

So wrote Samuel Eliot Morison, last year, of the magnificent second voyage of Christopher Columbus. Of that passage from the shores of the old world to the shores of the new, there is not much known; it had little of the romance of the first, and not much of its terror and hardship. It came at a time when the Admiral was at the height of his fortunes: his fleet was big and well-equipped (although his flagship *La Capitana*, nicknamed *La Galante* by the sailors, was so slow that it held up the others) and the weather was fine, the northwest trades strong, and the reckonings true.

Morison, 52, is a Harvard professor of history, Boston-born, an authority on clipper ships and Yankee seamen, author of an eloquent tribute to seafarers in *The Maritime History of*

Massachusetts, an amateur yachtsman who for 40 years has been sailing small boats along the New England coast.

No debunker of great men and great legends is Historian Morison. Nor does he believe that the sweep and play of economic forces determine the major course of history. He was profoundly skeptical of biographies that presented Columbus as a fraud, promoter, exploiter of the achievements of others—especially, when he learned that the authors of such books, no matter how skillfully they could find their way around the archives, had no knowledge of the sea. Last fall Professor Morison set out to test his own generous and idealistic picture of the great Discoverer, by sailing a 147-foot barkentine, *La Capitana*, eastward and westward over the routes Columbus followed.

Last week Professor Morison and party were safe in Manhattan after a five-month, 10,000-mile cruise that vindicated the Admiral all the way, and delivered a hard blow at the debunkers' view of history. And at each point they found that Columbus' account rang true. Columbus had noted that as he approached the Azores the seaweed turned brown, disappeared a day before he reached port. So found Professor Morison and party 447 years

**Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City. Feb. 12, 1940.*

later. They saw on Corvo Island in the Azores the fantastic rock formation that Columbus had seen through fog and mist and which seemed to him to point west. Twenty days from the Canaries to Trinidad (it had taken Columbus 26) convinced the seafaring professor that Columbus was a very fine seaman, who "could get to a place and then come back and find it again when he wished."

The greatest triumph of the rediscoverers came when *Capitana* made the same landfall Columbus had made. After 26 days Columbus took his bearings, sighted three hills in the distance and called the place Trinidad (Trinity). Thus had Professor Morison imagined the scene before he followed in the Admiral's wake: "About five on Sunday morning, when the faintest grey of dawn appears in the east, an ancient pilot stationed in the forechains of *La Galante* sees a black cone on the horizon pricking up into the dome of paling stars. He climbs cautiously to the foretop to make certain, and sings out, *Albricias!** *Que tenemos tierra!* (Pay me! Here's land!)"

When *Capitana*, after 20 days, reached the approximate position where Columbus said he had seen Trinidad, Professor Morison sent young, square-jawed Seaman Malcolm Armstrong aloft. Seaman Armstrong called back

**Albricias* means a tip given to the bearer of good tidings.

laconically, "There's them three hills."

Last week in Manhattan, Professor Morison exulted at the rediscovery of the great discoverer's honesty, rejoiced at his victory over those who had tried to prove that Columbus was a "louse, a liar, and good for nothing except getting money out of Ferdinand and Isabella." Vindicated was his theory of history. Vindicated also was his moving account, written before his cruise, of Columbus' triumph at his second voyage:

"Columbus must have derived great satisfaction from this voyage. Over the biggest fleet that had yet crossed deep water, manned by 1,200 to 1,500 seamen, he had kept discipline during a voyage that lasted 14 weeks, and lost but a single man.

"In the years to come, when suffering in mind and body from the evil nature of man, the ingratitude of princes, and the frowns of providence, Columbus may have sought consolation in the memory of those bright November days of 1493, the fleet gaily coasting along the lofty verdure-clad Antilles with trade-wind clouds piling up over their summits and rainbows bridging their deep-cleft valleys; of the nights when he lay quietly at anchor in the lee of the land with his gallant fleet all about, stars of incredible brightness overhead, and hearty voices joining in the evening hymn to the blessed Mother of God."

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Burton, Katherine. *His Dear Persuasion*. New York: Longmans. 304 pp. \$2.50.

Title refers to the will of God followed by Elizabeth Seton as she becomes a Catholic and founds her educational institutions.

Benz, Francis E. *On to Suez!* New York: Dodd, Mead. 238 pp. \$2.

Expertly told story of the builder and building of the Suez Canal in the face of fate's and England's refusal to cooperate, by the editor of the *Catholic Boy*.

McEniry, E. C., O.P. *St. Thomas Aquinas Meditations*. Mt. Carmel Hospital, Columbus, O., 536 pp. \$3.

Solid bases for 365 meditations arranged from different works of St. Thomas.

Ligutti, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Luigi G. *Rural Roads to Security*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 387 pp. \$2.75.

Straightforward, thoroughly documented discussion of rural problems and their solution.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony's Guild. 275 pp. 50c, paper.

A six-unit discussion-club text, including test exercises, discussion aids, and religious practices.

MacManus, Seumas. *The Well of the World's End*. New York: Macmillan. \$2.

A delightful book of Irish folklore permeated with subtle humor.

Steuart, R. H. J., S.J. *The Four First Things*. New York: Longmans. 86 pp. \$1.35.

Deals with the fundamentals of religion in general and religion revealed through Christ.

Mersch, Emile, S.J. *Morality and the Mystical Body*. New York: Kenedy. 347 pp. \$3.50.

The doctrine of the mystical Body applied to modern problems.

Goldstein, David. *Jewish Panorama*. Astor Post Office, Boston, Mass. 387 pp. \$3.

Scholarly survey of present-day Jewry among Christians, written by a Catholic of Jewish parentage, in a factual manner — neither pro nor anti-Semitic.